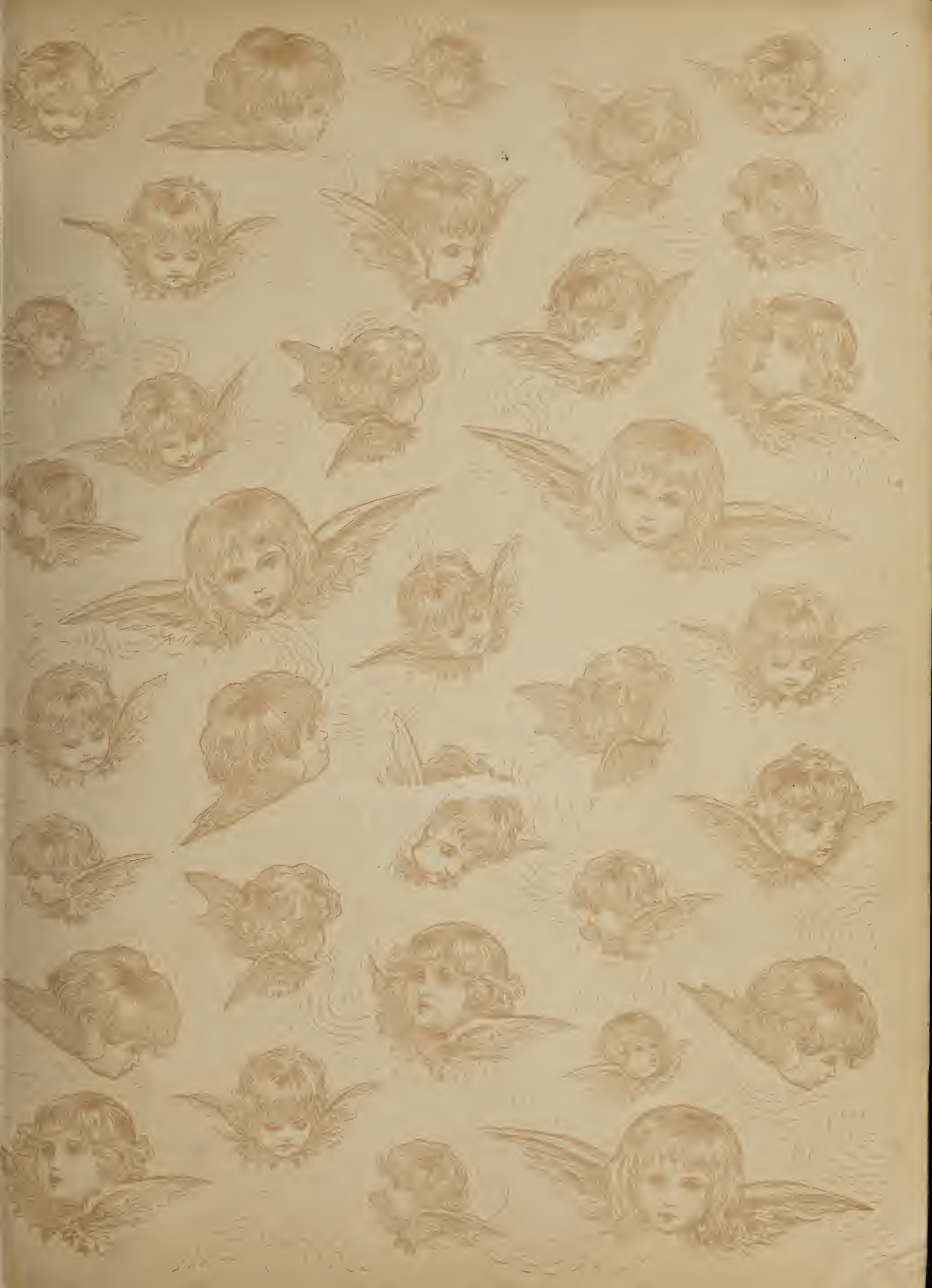




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ST. NICHOLAS SONGS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



THE CENTURY CO. NEW-YORK

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C. W. WARREN, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, NEW-YORK.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THIS collection of songs, which is believed to be somewhat novel in form and purpose, originated in the thought that many of the poems in *St. Nicholas* merited a musical setting. With this in mind, original contributions were invited from various American and English composers, and from their responses the following one hundred and twelve songs were chosen. A greater variety of treatment and of subject was secured by including more than one setting of several texts, together with a few lyrics not found in *St. Nicholas*.

The collection is especially intended for home use. Both words and music are thought to be adapted to the tastes of young people and of those who are associated with them. Sentimental and pathetic themes are generally omitted, while the naïve and humorous fancies of childhood are extensively represented. Many lullabies and mothers' songs are also included. The music is meant to be truly interpretative of the words, and is designedly of various degrees of difficulty. It is hoped not only that these ST. NICHOLAS SONGS will give ever fresh delight to the households that welcome *St. Nicholas*, but that they will afford to all who use them a genuine musical and poetic culture. To this end a somewhat advanced standard of excellence has been sought.

One of the happy results of realizing this project of THE CENTURY Co. is the publication of a large amount of original music by American composers.

The duties of the editor have been made exceedingly pleasant by the courteous and intelligent coöperation of all who have assisted in the work.

WALDO S. PRATT.

HARTFORD, JULY, 1885.

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ST. NICHOLAS SONGS.

Jessie.

BRET HARTE.

With grace and spirit.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

1. Jes - sie is both young and fair, Dew - y eyes and sun - ny hair; Sun - ny hair and
2. Jes - sie is both kind and true, Heart of gold and will of yew; Will of yew and
3. If she yet re - main un-sung, Pret - ty, con - stant, do - eile, young, What re-mains not

p *mf*

dew - y eyes Are not where her beau - ty lies, Are not where her beau - ty lies.
heart of gold— Still her charms are searee - ly told, Still her charms are searee - ly told.
here eom - piled? Jes - sie is a lit - tle child! Jes - sie is a lit - tle child!

rit. *p* *rit.*



The Minuet.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

JOSEPH MOSENTHAL.

Moderato.

mf

1. Grandma
2. Grandma's
3. Modern

$\text{♩} = 92.$

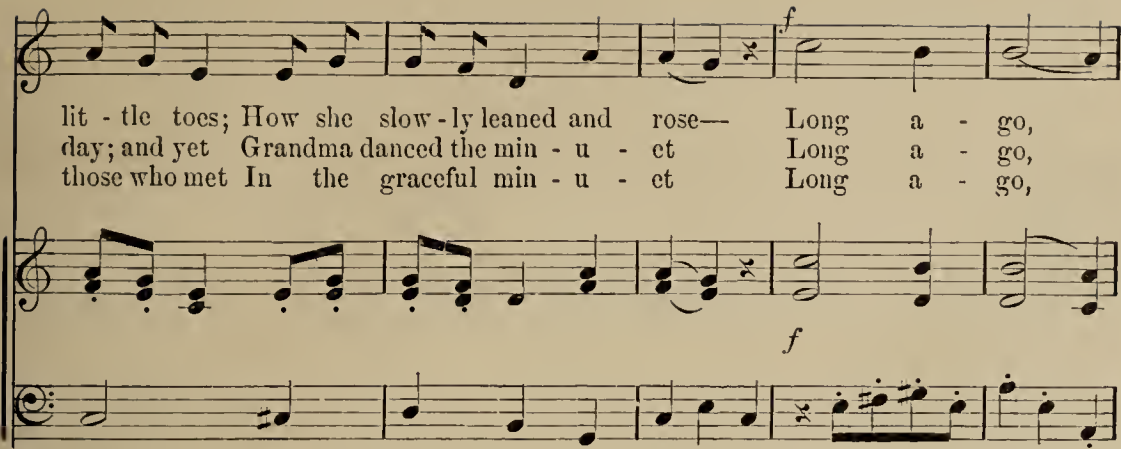
mf

told me all a - bout it, Told me, so I could - n't
hair was bright and sun - ny; Dim - pled cheeks, too,—ah, how
ways are quite a - harm - ing, Grandma says; but boys were

doubt it, How she daneed— my grand - ma danced!—Long a - go, Long a - go.
fun - ny! Real - ly quite a pret - ty girl, Long a - go, Long a - go.
eharm - ing— Girls and boys, I mean, of course— Long a - go, Long a - go.

p *cres.*
How she held her pret - ty head, How her dain - ty skirt she spread, Turn - ing out her
Bless her! why, she wears a eap, Grand - ma does, and takes a nap Eve - ry sin - gle
Brave but mod - est, grand - ly shy— She would like to have us try Just to feel like

p *cres.*



lit - tle toes; How she slow - ly leaned and rose— Long a - go,
day; and yet Grandma danced the min - u - et Long a - go,
those who met In the graceful min - u - et Long a - go,



Long a - go....
Long a - go....
Long a - go....

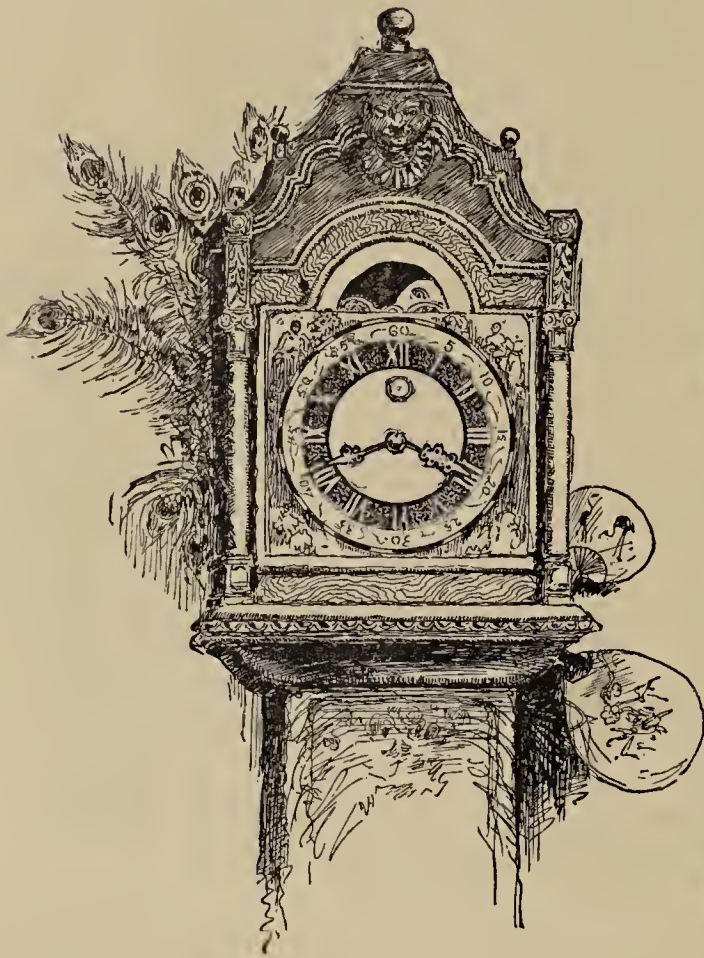


LONG AGO.

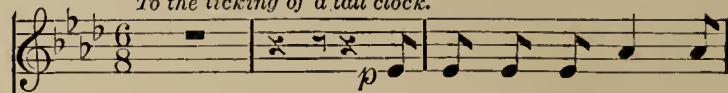
Whenever a little child is born.

AGNES L. CARTER.

N. H. ALLEN.



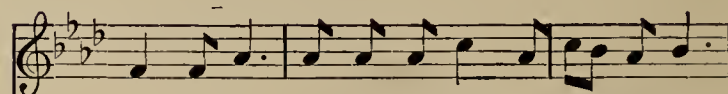
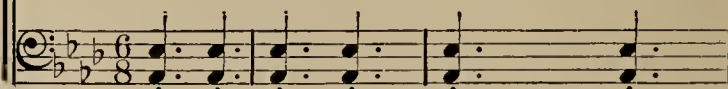
To the ticking of a tall clock.



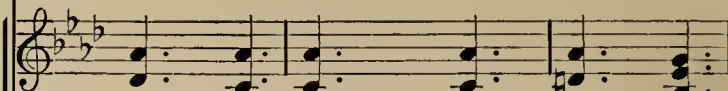
1. When-ev - er a lit - tle



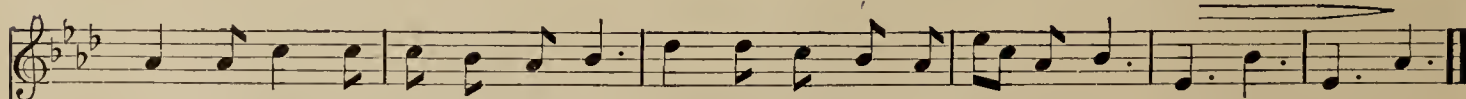
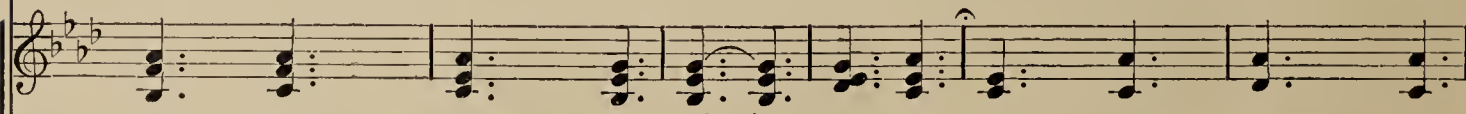
$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ *pp*



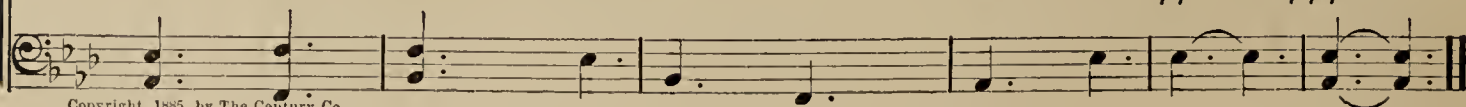
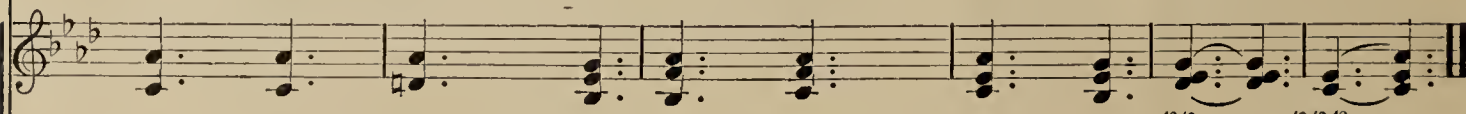
child is born, All night a soft wind rocks the corn;



One more but - ter - cup wakes to the morn, Somewhere, somewhere. 2. One more rose - bud shy will un - fold,



One more grass-blade push thro' the mold, One more bird-song the air will hold, Somewhere, somewhere.



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A million little diamonds.

M. F. BUTTS.

G. A. BURDETT.

Gaily.

A mill - ion lit - tle dia - monds

Twinkled on the trees; And all the lit - tle maid - ens said: "A jew - el, if you

please!" But while they held their hands outstretched, To catch the diamonds gay, A mill - ion lit - tle

sunbeams came, And stole them all a - way, a - way. . . .

The Three Wise Women.

Mrs. E. T. CORBETT.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegretto.



musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring treble and bass staves with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked *Allegretto*. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

1. Three wise old wom-en were they, were they, Who went to walk on a wint-ry day; One took their bask-et the wa-ter to bail; They put up their fan to make a sail. But

musical notation for the first vocal entry, featuring treble and bass staves with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked *Allegretto*. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

car-ried a bas-ket, to hold some berries; One car-ried a lad-der, to climb for cherries; The what be-came of the wise women then,— Whether they ev-er got home a-gain,

musical notation for the second vocal entry, featuring treble and bass staves with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked *Allegretto*.

third, and she was the wis-est one, Car-ried a fan, to keep off the sun, The third, and she was the Whether they saw a-ny bears or no,—You must find out, for I don't know, Whether they saw a-ny

musical notation for the third vocal entry, featuring treble and bass staves with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked *Allegretto*.

sotto voce *Last verse. FINE.*

wis - est one, Car-ried a fan to keep off the sun, keep off the sun, (*Omit.....*)
 bears or no,— You must find out, for I don't know, I don't know, don't know.

cres. *sotto voce* *f Last verse. FINE.*

keep off the sun. 2. "Dear,

p *f* *un poco agitato*

dear!" said one, "A bear I see!  I think we'd bet-ter climb a tree!"

sfz (*Bear growls.*) *p*

marcato il basso

But there was -n't a tree for miles around, They were too frightened to

sfz (*Bear growls.*) *p*

stay on the ground; So they climbed their lad - der up to the top, And sat there screaming, "We'll

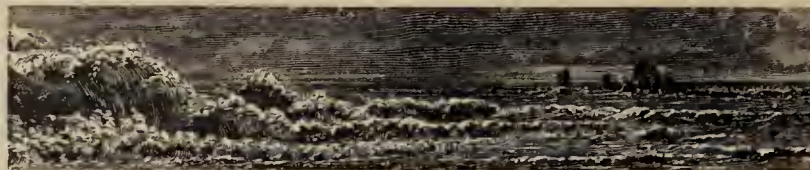
drop! we'll drop!" But the wind was strong as wind could be, And blew their ladder out to sea! Soon the three women were

dolce

all a-float In a leak - y lad - der in - stead of a boat! And eve - ry time the waves rolled in, Of

course the poor things were wet to the skin, Wet to the skin. 3. Then they

mf *rall.* *D. S.*





Two Little Birds.

M. F. B.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Andante e con semplicità.

p
Two lit - tle birds once met in a tree, One said, "I'll love you, if you will love me." The

p

f *p*
oth - er a - greed, and they built them a nest, And be - gan to keep house with ver - y great zest. They

p
lived there all sum - mer, and then flew a - way; And where they are now I real - ly can't say.

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Baby Bo!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

E. MARZO.

Tempo di valse.

1. Fly a - way, fly a - way, bir - - die oh! Bring some - thing

home to my ba - - by bo; Bring her a feath - er and bring her a song, And

sing to her sweet - ly all the day long.

2. Hop - pe - ty, kick - e - ty, grass - hop - per
3. Howl - i - bus, growl - i - bus, dog - gi - bus
4. Twink - i - ly, wink - i - ly, fire - - - fly

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cres.

oh! Bring something home to my ba - by bo; Bring her a this - tle and
 oh! Bring something home to my ba - by bo; Bring her a snarl and
 oh! Bring something home to my ba - by bo; Bring her a moon-beam and

cres.

f

bring her a thorn, Hop o - ver her head and then be - gone.
 bring her a snap, And bring her a po - sy to put in her cap.
 bring her a star, Then, twink - i - ly, wink - i - ly, fly a - way far.

f





IN THE WOOD.

ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

In the Wood.

M. M. D.
Very lively.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH,

1. What says the book, my las - sie? What says the book to thee? "It says, the wood is
2. Then close the page, my las - sie, And lift thy pret - ty head, And what the book would
3. Hear what the bird sings, las - sie, "Oh, lit - tle la - dy fair, The breath of flowers is

beau - ti - ful, The blos - soms fair to see; It says the brook tells mer - ri - ly A
say to thee, The wood shall say in - stead. The brook shall tell its mer - ry tale, The
o - ver thee, The sun - light in thy hair, And the heart of a lit - tle maid - en Is

lit - tle tale of glee, A lit - tle tale of glee, And birds brimful of mel - o - dy, Do
flow'rs their brightness shed, The flow'rs their brightness shed, The birds shall sing,—for life is life, And
free as birds in th' air, Is free as birds in th' air, And God is good to thee and me, Oh,

sing their songs for me, for me, Do sing their songs for me, for me."
print - ed words are dead, are dead, And print - ed words are dead, are dead.
lit - tle, lit - tle la - dy fair, Oh, lit - tle, lit - tle la - dy fair!"



The Snow-Filled Nest.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

F. BOOTT.

Moderato.

1. It swings up-on the leaf-less tree, By storm-y winds blown to and fro; De-sert-ed, lone-ly, sad to see, And
full of cru-el, cru-el snow. 2. In summer's noon the leaves a-bove Made dew-y shel-ter from the heat; The
nest was full of life and love; Ah, life and love are sweet, are sweet! 3. All, all are gone! I know not where; And
still upon the cold, grey tree, Lonely, and toss'd by ev'ry air, That snow-fill'd, snow-fill'd nest I see.

p *cres.* *mf* *animando* *fz* *dim.* *p* *cres.* *dim.* *rall.*

Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Moderato.





One, two, three!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

WALDO S. PRATT.

Allegretto. mf

1. One, two, three! A bon - ny boat I see. A sil - ver boat, and

f mf

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all a - float, up - on a ro - sy sea.

p *cres.*

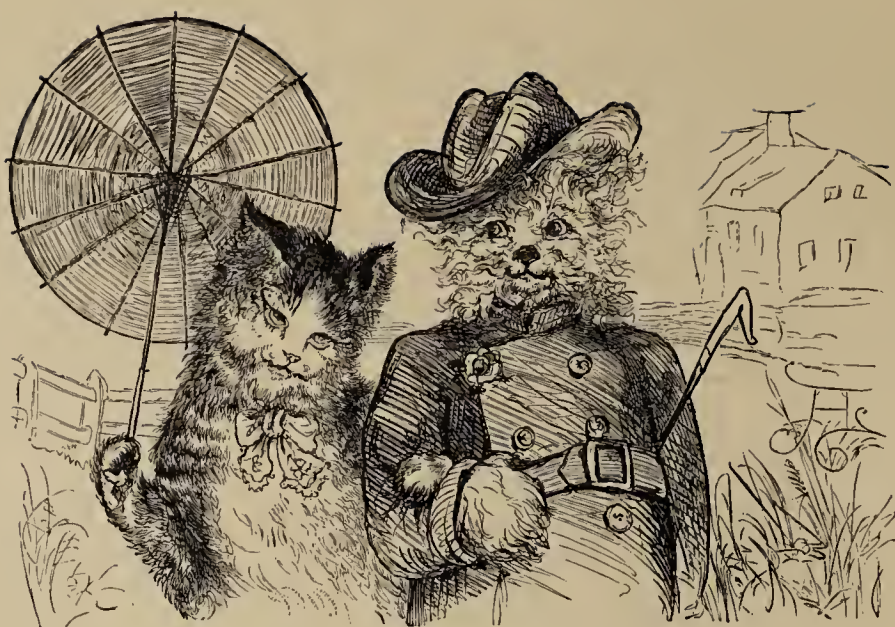
2. One, two, three! The rid - dle tell to me. The

f *mf*

moon a - float is the bon - ny boat, The sun - set is the sea.

dim. e rall.





The Cat and the Dog.

M. F. B.

Allegretto.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

1. The cat and the dog re - solved to be good, Tru - ly kind, kind and for - giv - ing.

mp

rit. e dim.

"What's the use," they sweet-ly said, "Of such un-pleasant liv - ing, Of such un - pleasant liv - ing?" 2. So

espress.

rit. e dim.

a tempo

Pus - sy took her dear Tray's arm, And out they sal - lied o - ver the farm; And all whosaw them

laughed with glee And wond - 'ring, said, "Can such things be?" And wond'ring, said, "Can such things be?"

Hey! diddle, diddle.

OLD RHYME.
Allegro vivace.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

p Hey! did-dle, did-dle, the cat and the fid - dle, The

cow jumped o - ver the moon, The lit - tle dog laughed to see such sport, And the

dish ran away with the spoon.

Handel.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

Not too slow.

1. Bare and eold the gar-ret cham-ber, Gloom-y with its shad-ows dim;
Hung with dust-y, drooping eob-webs, Drapery weird and grim. Snd-den-ly, from
out the shadows Of the old, de-sert-ed room, . . . Came a
strain of faint-est music Through the ghost-ly, thro' the ghost-ly gloom.

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- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 While the night grew still to listen,
Soft and slow the music sighed,
And, in melting, minor measures,
Into silence died.
Say, what skillful, rapt musician,
In the lonely room apart,
Thus made glad the sombre midnight
With his wondrous art?</p> | <p>3 From the moon, now bright, now hid-
In the clouds that cross'd her way, [den
In the misty garret-window
Shot a slender ray,—
Glanced upon an ancient spinet,
O'er whose keys, with dust defiled,
Ran the eager, dainty fingers
Of a little child!</p> | <p>4 Boy, in after years the master
Of all mighty harmonies,
With a more than childish rapture
In thy lifted eyes,—
Surely, in the garret chamber,
Dim with shadowy mystery,
While the world slept in the midnight,
Angels talked with thee!</p> |
|---|--|--|



Going to London.

M. M. D.

ARTHUR FOOTE.

mf Moderately fast.

1. Up, down! Up, down! All the way to Lon - don town— Here we go with
 2. Up, down! Up, down! All the way to Lon - don town— See how fast we're
 3. Up, down! Up, down! All the way to Lon - don town— Here we are this

mf *cres.*

p *cres.* *mf* *pp*
 ba - by! I'm the pa-pa, You're the mamma, You're the pret - ty la - dy! la - dy! la - dy!
 go - ing! Feel the jar Of the car? Feel the wind a - blow - ing? blow - ing? blow - ing?
 min - ute! Rock a chair A - ny-where, When we two are in it! in it! in it!

cres. *p* *mf* *pp*

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Kitty Cat.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

Allegretto.

p Kit-ty cat, kit-ty cat, I hear a mouse, Pit-ty pat,

accel. e cresc.
pit - ty pat, run thro' the house! Kit - ty, hur - ry! kit - ty, run! Quick! or you will

accel. e cresc.

f a tempo lose the fun, Quick! or you will lose the fun! *p recit. ad lib.* Kit - ty hears, and sly - ly creeps,

a tempo p colla voce

f affettuoso Now she lis - tens, now she leaps. Ah, too late! you can - not win it.

f legato

Here's the hole, the mouse is in it; Ah, well for her, my kit - ty

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

cat, That she heard your pit - ty, pit - ty pat!

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.



Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Andantino. *p*

1. To and fro, So soft and slow,

p (with rocking motion.)

con pedale

con tenerezza *poco a poco rit. e dim.*

Swingeth the ba - by's cra - dle O! Still he lies With laugh-ing eyes, And will not in - to

Dreamland go. *S: p*

2. Lul - la - by! The crick - ets cry, The
3. Sleep, oh, sleep! In slum - ber deep. Sweet

molto rit. *S: a tempo* *p*

twink - ling stars are in the sky. Soft dew's fall, While rob - ins call, And home-ward swift the
dreams a - cross thine eyes shall creep, And all night The soft moonlight With - in thy curtained

D.S. *pp*

swal-lows fly.
cra-dle peep.

4. Hush! he sighs,

poco adagio *D.S.* *pp* *Ped.* *

ppp *a tempo*

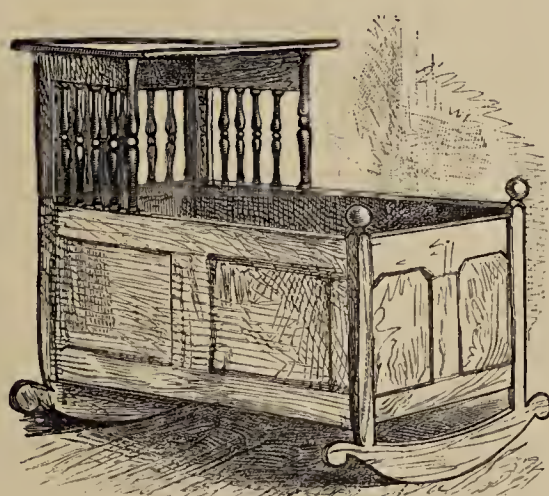
Hush! he sighs, Hush! he sighs, The laughter flies All swift-ly from his

a tempo *ppp* *Ped.* *

poco a poco rit. e dim.

drow-sy eyes. To and fro, More soft, more slow, And fast a-sleep the ba-by lies.

pp *ppp*



BABY'S AWAKE.



Marjorie's Almanac.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, by permission.
Vivace.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.

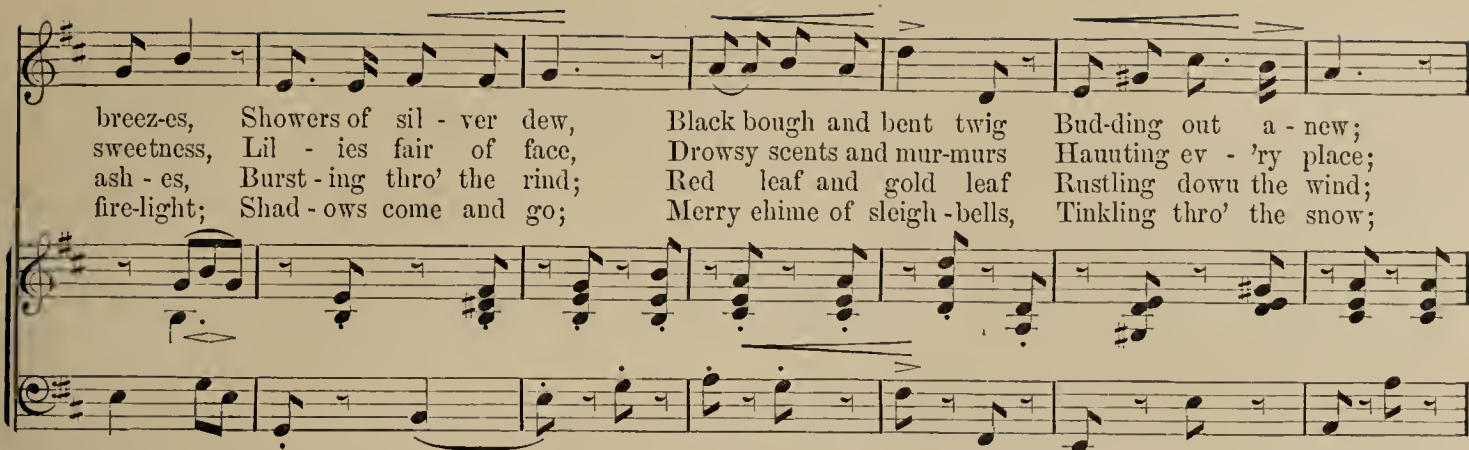
mf

1. Rob - ins in the tree-top,
2. Ap - ples in the or-chard,
3. Ro - ger in the corn-patch,
4. Lit - tle fai - ry snow-flakes

f *sfz* *mf*

p

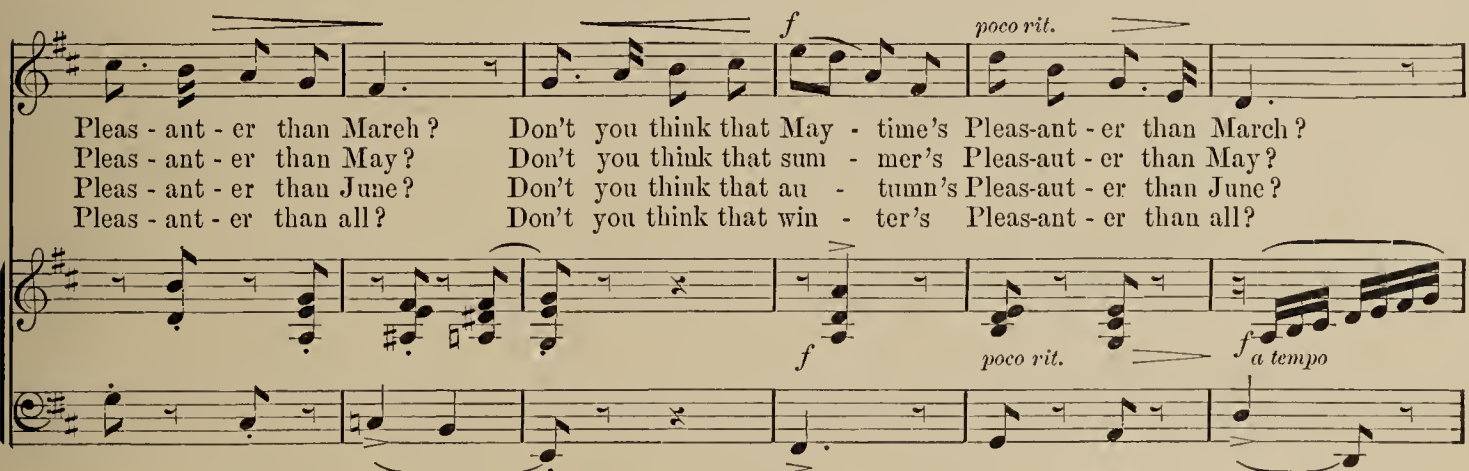
Blos-soms in the grass,	Green things a - growing	Ev - erywhere you pass;	Sud - den lit - tle
Mellowing one by one;	Straw - ber - ries turn-ing	Soft cheeks to the sun;	Ros - es faint with
Whistling ne - gro songs;	Puss by the hearth-side	Romping with the tongs;	Chestnuts in the
Danc-ing in the flue;	Old Mis - ter Santa Claus,	What is keep-ing you?	Twilight and



breez-es, Showers of sil-ver dew, Black bough and bent twig Bud-ding out a-new;
 sweetness, Lil-ies fair of face, Drowsy scents and mur-murs Haunting ev-'ry place;
 ash-es, Burst-ing thro' the rind; Red leaf and gold leaf Rustling down the wind;
 fire-light; Shad-ows come and go; Merry chime of sleigh-bells, Tinkling thro' the snow;



p *poco rall.* *a tempo*
 Pine-tree and wil-low-tree, Fring-ed elm, and larch— Don't you think that May-time's
 Lengths of gold-en sun-shine, Moonlight bright as day— Don't you think that sum-mer's
 Moth-er "do-in' peach-es" All the af-ter-noon— Don't you think that au-tumn's
 Moth-er knit-ting stoek-ings, (Pus-sy's got the ball)— Don't you think that win-ter's



f *poco rit.*
 Pleas-ant-er than March? Don't you think that May-time's Pleas-ant-er than March?
 Pleas-ant-er than May? Don't you think that sum-mer's Pleas-ant-er than May?
 Pleas-ant-er than June? Don't you think that au-tumn's Pleas-ant-er than June?
 Pleas-ant-er than all? Don't you think that win-ter's Pleas-ant-er than all?



f *ff* *sfz*
 1st, 2nd and 3d verses. After last verse.



I had a little pony.

OLD RHYME.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.



Allegretto *affettuoso.*

I had a lit - tle po - ny, His name was Dap - ple

mf

Gray; I lent him to a la - dy To

ride a mile a - way; She whipped him, she lashed him, She drove him through the

poco rall.

rit.

mire, I would not lend my po - ny now For all that la - dy's hire.

rit.

The Little Mermaid.

CARRIE W. THOMPSON.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegro moderato.

1. A niece lit - tle mermaid lived
 2. She climbed on a rock to
 3. "And so ma-ny great ships sail

f *dim. e rit.* *mf*

un - der the sea, And al-ways a-comb-ing her hair was she, She did it high up, and she did it low down, She
 talk with the gales, And made great eyes at the sharks and whales, Some white-winged gulls flew over her head; "Now
 o - ver the sea; Where they are go - ing is what puzzles me! They will get to the edge of the sea some day, And

piu lento poco a poco

twist - ed it in with a sea - shell crown; But once she grew tired of combing her hair, And
 where can those things live?" she said. She wondered and won - dered, but couldn't guess where, For she
 tum - ble off in a ter - ri - ble way. There'll be no - where to catch them, I'm a - fraid—So they'll

colla voce

accel. *a tempo*

fell to wonder-ing what was where, And fell to wonder-ing what was where,
 thought the whole world was wa - ter and air, For she thought the whole world was wa - ter and air.
 tum - ble for - ev - er!" said the lit - tle mermaid, "So they'll tum - ble for - ev - er!" said the lit - tle mer - maid.

mf



Little Maid Margery.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

J. W. PALMER.

Allegretto.

1. Daf - fo - dils, daf - fo - dils,

mf

dai - sies and but - ter-cups! Dance now your pret - ti - est, blos - som and blow!

Lit - tle Maid Mar - ger - y lies in your wav-ing bloom, Whisper her all the sweet se-crets you know!

Whis - per her all the sweet se - crets you know! 2. Hush! lean - ing lov - ing - ly,

soft - ly bend o - ver her, Let not the sun in her ro - sy face peep!

Down 'mid the daf - fo - dils, dai - sies and but - ter-eups, Lit - tle Maid Mar - ger - y's fall-en a - sleep!

X

The Dandelion.

G. W. CHADWICK.

Allegretto semplice.

p There was a pret - ty dan - de -

li - on, With love - ly fluf - fy hair, That glist - en'd in the sun - shine, And

in the sum-mer air; But, oh! this pret - ty dan - de - li - on Soon grew quite old and

p piu lento gray; And, sad to tell, her charm-ing hair *a tempo* Blew ma - ny miles a - way.

pp *p*



Ding, dong!

M. M. D.

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

Andantino.

Tell us, year, be - fore you go,— Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Why at last you

hur - ry so, Though at first so ve - ry slow? Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

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Can't you wait a lit - tle long - er, Till the ba - by year gets strong - er? Ding, dong!

Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Ding, dong! 2. Why can't years come back a - gain, Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Just the same as they have been? Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Big folks say 't would nev - er do,

None would live the past a - new; Bnt I'd like it,— would-n't you? Ding, dong!

Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'Ding, dong!' repeated five times. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in the right hand, featuring chords and single notes. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in the left hand, featuring chords and single notes. Dynamics include *p* *lento*, *pp*, and *dim.*



"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"



Bronze-Brown Eyes.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, by permission.

SEBASTIAN B. SCHLESINGER.

Moderato.

p

Marian, May and Maud have not passed me by,

mf *p* *ten.* *ten.*

Arch-ed foot and ro - sy mouth and bronze-brown eyes.

mf *ten.* *mf* *p*

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mf

When my hair is gray, Then I shall be wise, Then, thank Heaven, I shall not care for

mf

mf

bronze-brown eyes, When my hair is gray, Then I shall be wise, Then, thank Heaven, I

mf

ri - tard - an - do

p a tempo

mf

shall not care for bronze-brown eyes. Then let Maud and May and Ma-rian pass me by,

f ri - tard - an - do

p

ten.

ten.

f

p

mf

So they do not scorn me now, What care I? what care I?

f

mp

mf

mf



Punkydoodle and Jollapin.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

G. A. BURDETT.

Merrily. *mf*

1. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - li - kin Winky Wee!
 Pil - ly - kin Wil - li - kin Winky Wee!
 Pil - ly - kin Wil - li - kin Winky Wee!

mf *sf*

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p

How does the Emper - or take his tea? He takes it with mel - ons, he takes it with milk, He
 How does the Car-di - nal take his tea? He takes it in La - tin, he takes it in Greek, He
 How does the Ad-mir - al take his tea? He takes it with spli - ces, he takes it with spars, He

poco rit.

takes it with syr - up and sas - sa - fras silk. He takes it with - out, he takes it with - in;
 takes it just sev - en - ty times a week. He takes it so strong that it makes him grin;
 takes it with jok - ers and jol - ly jack-tars: And he stirs it round with a dol - - phin's fin;

poco rit.

f a tempo

1st & 2d. 3d.

Oh, Punky-doo-dle and Jol - la-pin! 2. Oh,
 Oh, Punky-doo-dle and Jol - la-pin! 3. Oh,
 Oh, Punky-doo-dle and (Omit.....) Jol - la - pin!

f a tempo *faster ff*



March.

M. M. D.

J. H. CORNELL.

Allegretto.

1. In the snowing and the

blowing, In the cruel sleet,— Lit-tle flow'rs be-gin their growing Far . . . be-neath our

feet. Soft-ly taps the Spring, and cheerly,—

“Darlings, are you here?” Till they answer: “We are near-ly, Near - ly read-y, dear.”

2. "Where is Win-ter, with his snowing? Tell us, Spring," they say;

p

Then she answers: "He is go-ing, Go - ing on his way.

rinforz.

Poor old Winter does not love you,— But his time is

dim. *p*

past; Soon my birds shall sing a - bove you,— Set . . . you free at last!"

accel. *f* *accel.* *f*





There was a little girl.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Allegretto. *p* *cresc.*

1. There was a lit - tle girl, And she had a lit - tle curl, Right

mf *p*

down in the mid - dle of her forehead; And when she was good, She was ver - y good in - deed, But

f

poco rit. *ff a tempo* (Sung or spoken.) *p* *cresc.*

when she was bad, She was hor - rid ! 2. There was a lit - tle chap, And he

poco rit. *f* *p* *cresc.*

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had a fur cap, Which came to the mid-dle of his forehead; And when he was cold, He was

poco rit.

poco rit. ve - ry, ve - ry cold, But when he was warm, He was tor - rid.

a tempo
(Sung or spoken)

sfz. *f*



Nikolina.

CELIA THAXTER.
Rather fast. mf

ARTHUR FOOTE.

1. O tell me, lit - tle children, have you seen her— The ti - ny maid from Norway, Ni - ko -
2. Ni - ko - li - na! swift she turns if a - ny call her, As she stands a - mong the pop-pies, hard - ly
3. In her lit - tle gar-den many a flow'r is grow-ing— Red, gold, and pur - ple in the soft wind

mf

p *cresc.* *f* *p*
li - na? O, her eyes are blue as cornflow'rs 'mid the corn, And her cheeks are ro-sy red as skies of morn!
tall - er, Breaking off their scar-let cups for you, With spikes of slender larkspur, burning blue.
blowing; But the child that stands a-mid the blossoms gay Is sweeter, quainter, brighter e'en than they.

p *cresc.* *f* *p*

If blue-birds bloomed.

M. M. D.

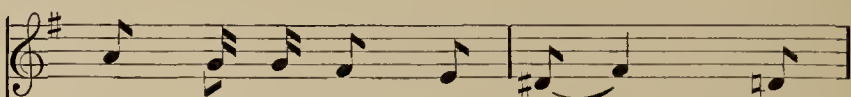
W. W. GILCHRIST.



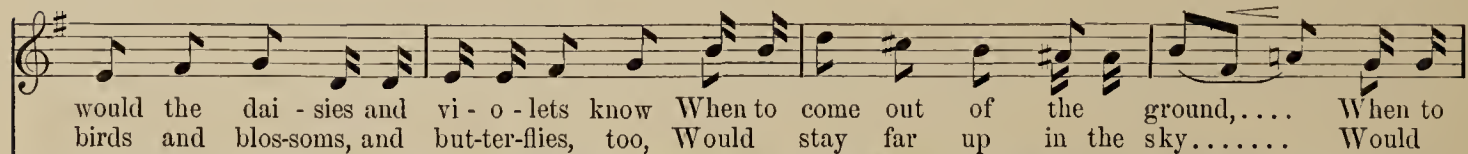
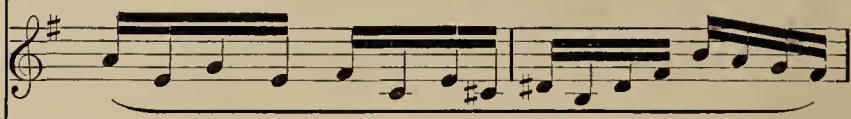
Moderato.



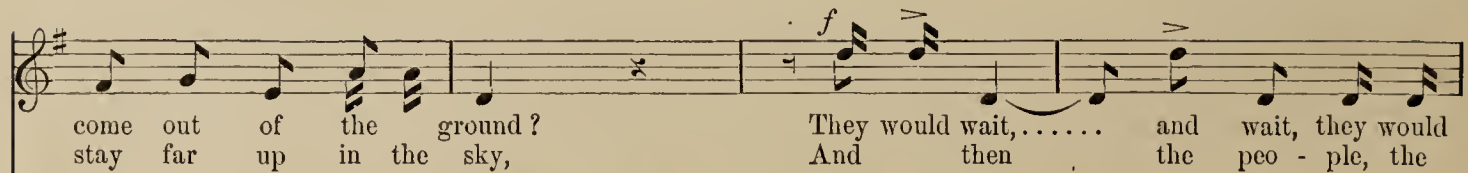
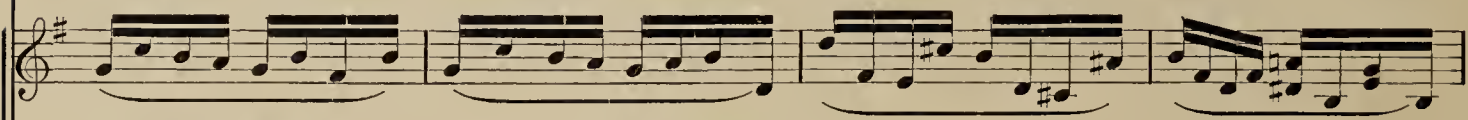
1. If blue - birds bloomed like flowers in a row, And
2. And what would birds and butter - flies do, If the



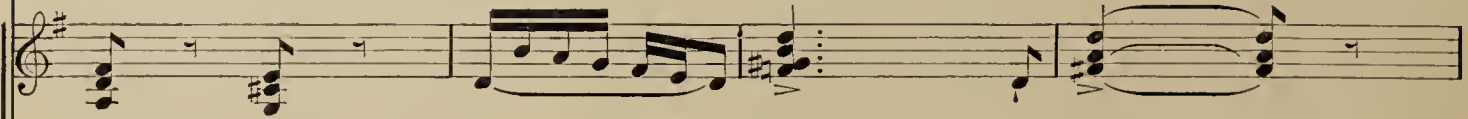
nev - er could make a sound, How
flow'rs had wings to fly?... Why,



would the dai - sies and vi - o - lets know When to come out of the ground,.... When to
birds and blos - oms, and but - ter - flies, too, Would stay far up in the sky..... Would



come out of the ground? They would wait,..... and wait, they would
stay far up in the sky, And then the peo - ple, the



dim.

wait all the sea - son through They would
 peo - ple would droop and sigh..... And

L. H.

f

wait and wait all the sea - son through; Nev - er a flow'r on earth could be found, Nev -
 then the peo - ple would droop and sigh— And all the chil - dren on earth would cry, And

p - - - *pp*

..... er a flow'r on earth could be found.....
 all the chil - dren on earth would cry.....

p *pp* *pp*





Winter and Summer.

H. O. KNOWLTON.

N. H. ALLEN.

A rollicking, frolicking breeze.

f accel.

1. O, I wish the winter would go, And I wish the summer would come. Then the big brown farmer will
2. Then the rob-in his fife will trill, And the woodpecker beat his drum, And out of their tents in the

a tempo p

hoe, And the lit-tle brown bee will hum. Ho, hum!
hill, The lit-tle green troops will come. Ho, hum! 3. Then a-round and o-ver the trees, With a

p

flut - ter and flirt will go *f* A rol-lick-ing, fro-lick-ing breeze, And a-way with a frisk, ho,

ho! Ho, ho! 4. Oh, the blos-soms take long to come, And the i - ei - cles long to

go; But the summer will come, and the bees will hum, And the bright little brook will flow, I know, And the

bright lit-tle brook will flow. *f* Ho, ho!



X

Night and Day.

M. M. D.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Andante religioso.

p When I run a-bout all day, When I kneel at night to pray, God sees, God sees.

pp When I'm dream - ing in the dark, When I lie a-wake and

p *molto rit.* *a tempo* hark, God sees, God sees. *f* Need I ev - er know a fear?

rit. *f* 8va.....

piu lento *rit.* *pp* Night and day my Fa - ther's near; God sees, God sees.

piu lento *rit.* *pp*

An Easter Carol.

EMILY D. CHAPMAN.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Sweetly the birds are sing-ing At Eas-ter dawn, Sweetly the bells are ring-ing
2. Birds! for-get not your sing-ing At Eas-ter dawn; Bells! be ye ev-er ring-ing

And the words that they say.....
In the spring of the year.....

On Eas-ter morn, And they say..... On Eas-ter day Are—
On Eas-ter morn. In the spring... When Eas-ter's here, Sing—
And the words that they say....
In the spring of the year....

And they say.....
In the spring....

On Eas-ter day Are—
When Eas-ter's here, Sing—

"Christ the Lord is ris-en! Christ the Lord is ris-en! Christ the Lord is ris-en!"

cres.

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3 Buds! ye will soon be flowers,
Cherry and white;
Snowstorms are changing to showers,
Darkness to light.
With the wakening of spring,
Alto & Bass.—With the spring,
Oh, sweetly sing—
"Lo! Christ the Lord is risen."

4 Easter buds were growing
Ages ago;
Easter lilies were blowing
By the water's flow.
All nature was glad,
Alto & Bass.—All was glad,
No creature was sad,
For Christ the Lord was risen.



Snow-Flakes.

M. M. D.

J. L. MOLLOY.

Andante tranquillo, quasi adagio.

1. When-e'er a snow-flake leaves the

sky, It turns and turns to say "Good-bye! Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and

gray!" Then light-ly trav-els on its way. 2. And when a

snow-flake finds a tree, "Good-day!" it says, "Good-day to thee! Thou art so

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bare and lone - ly, dear, I'll rest and call my com - rades here."

p *pp*

Ped. *

3. But when a snow-flake, brave and meek, Lights on a maid-en's ro - sy

lento al fine

cheek, It starts, "How warm and soft the day! 'Tis summer!"

p

and it melts a - way.

rall. *ppp*

Ped. *





The Minuet.

M. M. D.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

Un poco maestoso.

1. Grand - ma told me all a - bout it, Told me so I could not doubt it,

mf *p*

How she danced—my grand-ma danced!— Long a - go. How she held her

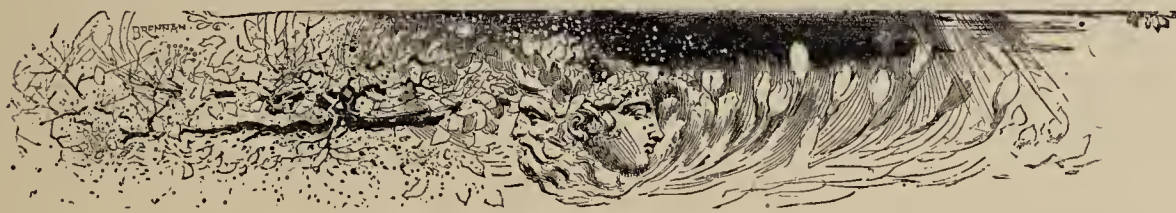
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pret - ty head, How her daint - y skirt she spread, Turn - ing out her

lit - tle toes; How she slow - ly leaned and rose— Long a - go.

2 Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too,—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap '
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

3 Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Brave but modest, grandly shy—
She would like to have us try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.



The Wild Wind.

CLARA W. RAYMOND.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Allegro con forza.

ff

1. The wind came howling at our door, Like a maddened fiend set free; He pushed and fought with
2. He dashed snow-wreaths against the panes, The easements shook and creaked; Then up he climb'd to the

f

gasp and roar, For an an - gry wind was he!.... An an - gry wind was
chim-ney - top, And down the flues he shrieked, And down the flues he

he! shrieked. *piu lento* 3. And how he frightened lit - tle Nell, And made her trem-ble and

tranquillo weep, Till moth - er came and soothed her fear, And lulled her with songs to sleep, with



smorz. e rall. songs to sleep, And lulled her with songs to

smorz. e rall. sleep.....



Riding on the Rail.

H. F. KING.

Allegro.

GEORGE INGRAHAM.

1. Click - e - ty, clack - e - ty, how the wheels run!

Crick - e - ty, crack - e - ty, is - n't it fun? Rushing thro' bridges and o - ver the streams,

See - ing the country like so ma - ny dreams! 2. Bump - i - ty, bump - i - ty, bang, on each rail!

How the car shiv-ers thro' mountain and vale! Now on the hill - side and now on the plain,

Run-ning the same in the sun - shine or rain. 3. Chunk-e - ty, chunk-e - ty, chunk-e - ty, chunk!

Band-box and pas - sen - ger, bundle and trunk, All on the sin - gle train speeding a - way

Fas - ter than an - te - lopes bounding in play. 4. Jig - gle - ty, jog - gle - ty, bump-i - ty bump,



The Sweet, Red Rose.

M. M. D.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.



Allegretto.

p scherz.

1. "Good-morrow, lit - tle rose-bush, Now prithee tell me true, To

poco rall.

poco rall. be as sweet, as a sweet, red rose, What must a bod - y do? What must a bod - y

poco rall. *sotto voce*

do?"..... 2. "To be as sweet as a

accel - er - an - do *tempo di valse* *dolce*

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sweet, red rose, A lit - tle girl like you Just grows, and

leggiere

grows, and grows, and grows— And that's what she must do.

* La..... La..... La.....

un poco animato

..... La..... La.....

* The vocal part may be omitted here *ad libitum*.



A Lullaby.

J. G. HOLLAND.

N. H. ALLEN.

To sleep inviting.

1. Rock-a - by, lul - la - by, bees in the clo-ver! Crooning so drowsi- ly, cry-ing so low. Rock-a - by, lul-la - by,
 3. Rock-a - by, lul - la - by, dew on the clo-ver! Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn. Rock-a - by, lul-la - by,

♩. = 42. p

dear lit - tle rov - er! Down into won-derland, Down to the un-der-land Go, oh, go! Down into wonderland
 dear lit - tle rov - er! In- to the still- y world, In- to the lil - y-world Gone, oh, gone! In- to the lily-world

go! 2. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, rain on the clo - ver, Tears on the eye - lids that
 gone!

FINE.

pp

FINE.

wav - er and weep; Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, bend-ing it o - ver, Down on the moth-er-world,

dim. *rall.*

Down on the oth - er-world Sleep, oh, sleep! Down on the moth - er-world sleep! *D.C.*

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics 'Down on the oth - er-world Sleep, oh, sleep! Down on the moth - er-world sleep!'. The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. Both have a key signature of one sharp. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C.'.



The Dandelion.

Rather slowly. ARTHUR FOOTE.

p There was a pret - ty dan - de - li - on, With love - ly fluf - fy hair, That

p

mf glis - tened in the sun - shine, And in the sum - mer air. But, oh, this pret - ty dan - de - li - on

p *mf* *dim.*

rit. *p* *a tempo* *pp*

Soon grew quite old and gray; And, sad to tell! her charming hair Blew ma - ny miles a-way.

colla voce *p* *pp*

The musical score is for 'The Dandelion' by Arthur Foote. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final line. The piano accompaniment is simple, using chords and single notes to support the vocal melody. The score includes various musical markings such as dynamics (p, mf, pp, dim.), tempo changes (rit., a tempo), and performance instructions (colla voce).



Good news on Christmas morning.

M. M. D.

F. J. HATTON.

Moderato con spirito.
mf

1. Good news on Christmas morn - ing, Good news, O children dear! For
3. Good news on Christmas morn - ing, Good news, O children glad! Rare

mf

Christ, once born in Beth - le - hem, Is liv - ing now, and here! 2. Good
gifts are yours to give the Lord As ev - er Wise Men had. 4. Good

news on Christ - mas morn - - ing, Good news, O chil - dren sweet! The
news on Christ - mas morn - - ing, Good news, O chil - dren fair! Still

way to find the Ho - ly Child Is light - ed for your feet.
doth to the one Good Shep - herd hold The feeb - lest in his care.

mf
5. Thank God on Christ - mas morn - ing, Thank God, O chil - dren dear! That

rit.
Christ who came to Beth - le - hem, Is liv - ing now, and here.



THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

Bye, baby, night has come.

M. M. D.

Dolce e legato.

WILSON G. SMITH.

semplice

1. Bye, ba - by,

rit.

sempre piano e legato

night has come,— And the sun is go - ing home; All the flow'rs have shut their eyes,

On the grass the shad-ow lies. 2. Bye, ba - by, birds are sleep-ing, One by one the

stars are peep-ing, In the far - off sky they twin - kle, While the cow - bells tin - kle, tin - kle.

3. Bye, ba - by, mother holds thee, Tender, lov - ing arms en - fold thee, An - gels in thy

dreams ca - ress thee, Thro' the darkness guard and bless thee.

Bye, ba - - by, Bye, ba - - - by, slum - - - ber.





An April Girl.

M. M. D.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegretto.

1. The girl that is born on an A - pril day Has a right to be mer - ry, lightsome, gay; And

that is the rea - son I dance and play And frisk like a mote in a sun - ny ray,—Would-n't you

Do it, too, If you had been born on an A - pril day?

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* *Ped.*

66

* *Ped.*

*

2. The girls of March love noise and fray; And sweet as blossoms are

f *tenerezza* *p*

girls of May; But I belong to the time mid-way, And so I rejoice in a sunny spray Of

f *cres.* *f*

smiles and tears and hap - a - day, Of smiles and tears and hap - a - day. Would-n't you

rit. *pp* *meno mosso*

Do it, too, If you had been born on an April day?

a tempo *rit.* *p a tempo* *a tempo*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

67

a tempo

3. Then heigh-ho! and hur-rah! for an A-pril day, Its cloud, its spark-le, its

f

poco lento

skip and stay! I mean to be hap-py while I may, And ery when I must; for that's my way. I

poco lento

a tempo

mean to be hap-py while I may, And ery when I must; for that's my way. Would-n't you

a tempo

rit.

a tempo

Do it, too, If you had been born on an A-pril day?

p a tempo

a tempo

p

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

68



There's a ship on the sea.

M. M. D.

N. H. ALLEN.

A slow swinging motion.

There's a ship on the sea. It is sail-ing to - night, Sail - ing to - night; And fa-ther's a-board, and the

moon is all bright, Shin-ing and bright, Shining and bright! Dear moon! he'll be sailing for many a night,

Sailing from mother and me. Oh! fol-low the ship with your silvery light, As fa-ther sails o-ver the sea.

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MARGARET JOHNSON.
Allegretto grazioso.

Going to the Fair.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. The

R. H.

birds are sing-ing, The bells are ring-ing, There's musie in all the air, heigh-ho! As all to-geth-er, In

gold - en weather, We mer-ri-ly go to the fair, heigh-ho! We have no mon-ey For rib - ands bon-ny, Our

clothes are the worse for wear, heigh-ho! But lit - tle it mat-ters, In silk or in tat - ters, We

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poco rall. *a tempo*

mer-ri - ly go to the fair, heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! heigh - ho! heigh-ho! heigh - ho! . . .

poco rall. *a tempo*

Come, lads and lass - ies, The time it pass - es; Step out with a roy - al

air, heigh-ho! As all to - geth - er, In gold - en weath - er, We mer - ri - ly go to the

fair, heigh-ho! Heigh - ho! heigh-ho! heigh - ho! heigh - ho! heigh - ho! . . .

p *p* *pp*





A Valentine.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

Slow waltz movement.

1. Oh! lit - tle love - li - est la - - dy mine, What shall I
 2. I've searched the gar - dens all through and through, For a bud to

p dolce

send for your val - en - tine? Sum-mer and flowers are far a -
 tell of my love so true. But buds were a - sleep and blos - soms were

- way; Gloom - y old win - ter is king to - day. Buds will not
 dead, And the fall - ing snow came down on my head. So, lit - tle

pp

Ped. *

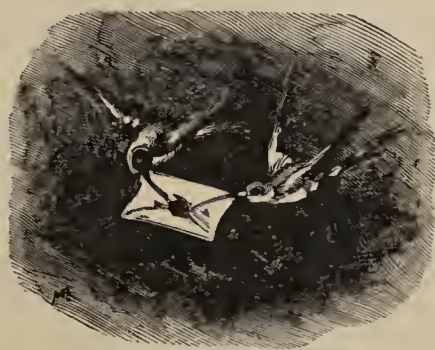
blow, and sun will not shine; What shall I do for a val - en -
 love - liest la - dy mine, Here is my heart for your val - en -

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

- tine? What shall I do for a val - en - tine?
 - tine! Here is my heart for your val - en - tine!

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *





The Wren and the Hen.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Scherzando.

1. Said a ver - y small wren To a ver - y large hen, "Pray, why do you make such a
elat-ter? I nev - er could guess Why an egg more or less Should be thought so im - portant a
mat - ter." 2. Then answered the hen To the very small wren, "If I laid such small eggs as
you, madam, I would not cluck so loud, Nor would I feel proud. Look at these! How you'd crow if you had 'em!"

deliberately

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Snow-Flakes.

M. M. D.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Andante.

pp il piu leggiero possibile

pp

1. When - e'er a snow - flake

leaves the sky, It turns and turns to say "Good - bye! Good -

- bye, dear cloud, . . . so cool and gray!" Then light-ly trav - els, trav - els on its

sf

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pp

way. 2. And when a snow - flake finds a tree, "Good -

pp

f

- day!" it says, "Good - day . . . to thee! Thou art so bare . . . and

pp

lone - ly, dear, . . . I'll rest and call . . . my com - rades here, My

pp

p

com - rades here." 3. But when a snow - flake, brave and meek, Lights

p

on a maid - - en's

ro - - - sy cheek, It



largement
starts— "How warm and soft the day! 'Tis sum - mer!"— and it

sf *sf* *sf* *sf*

melts a - way.

ppp *sf*

X

Baby's Skies.

M. C. BARTLETT.

E. MARZO.

Moderato.

1. Would you know the ba - by's skies? Ba - by's skies are mam - ma's eyes.

p
legato

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are "1. Would you know the ba - by's skies? Ba - by's skies are mam - ma's eyes." Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves: a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and a *legato* instruction.

Mam - ma's eyes and smile, to - geth - er Make the ba - by's pleas - ant weath - er.

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "Mam - ma's eyes and smile, to - geth - er Make the ba - by's pleas - ant weath - er." The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff format.

2. Mam - ma, keep your

p

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody begins with a rest for four measures, then continues with the lyrics "2. Mam - ma, keep your". The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff format.

eyes from tears, Keep your heart from fool - ish fears, Keep your lips from

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "eyes from tears, Keep your heart from fool - ish fears, Keep your lips from". The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff format.

poco rall.

dull com - plain - ing, Lest the ba - by think 't is rain - ing,

a tempo

col canto

rall.

Lest the ba - by think 't is rain - ing.

col canto

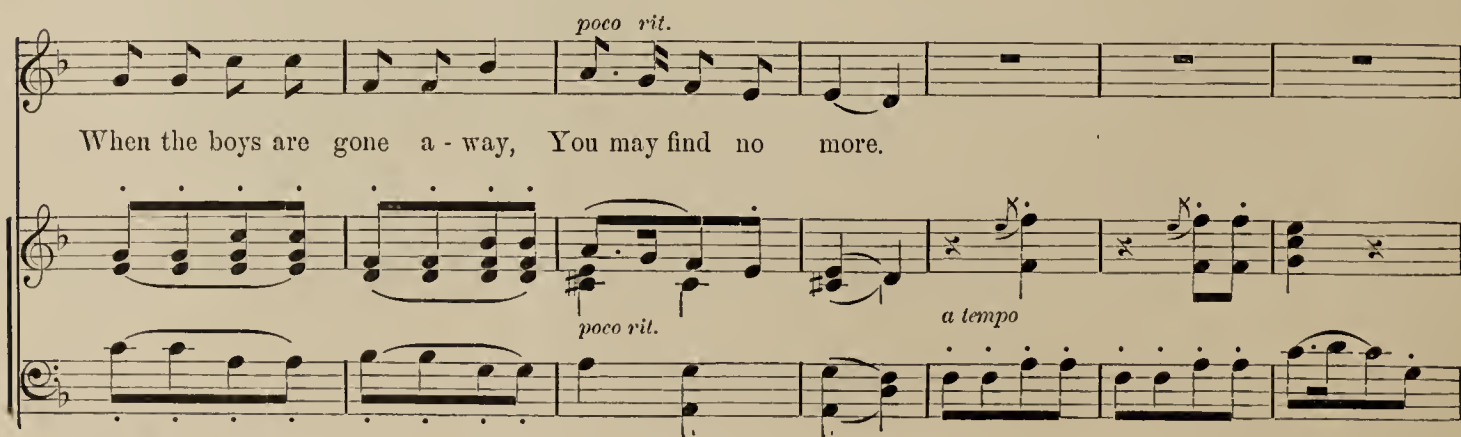
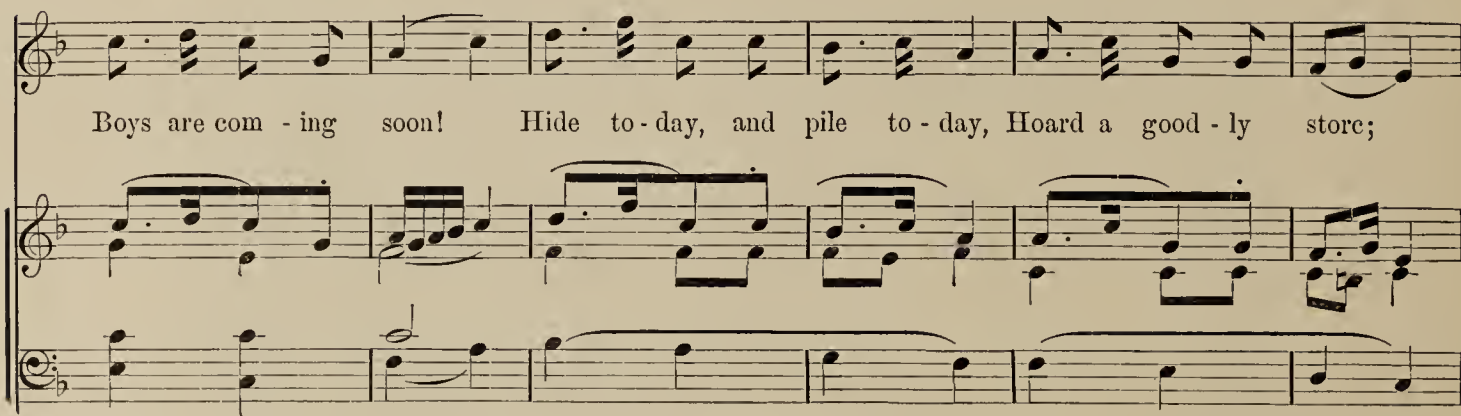




Little Squirrels.

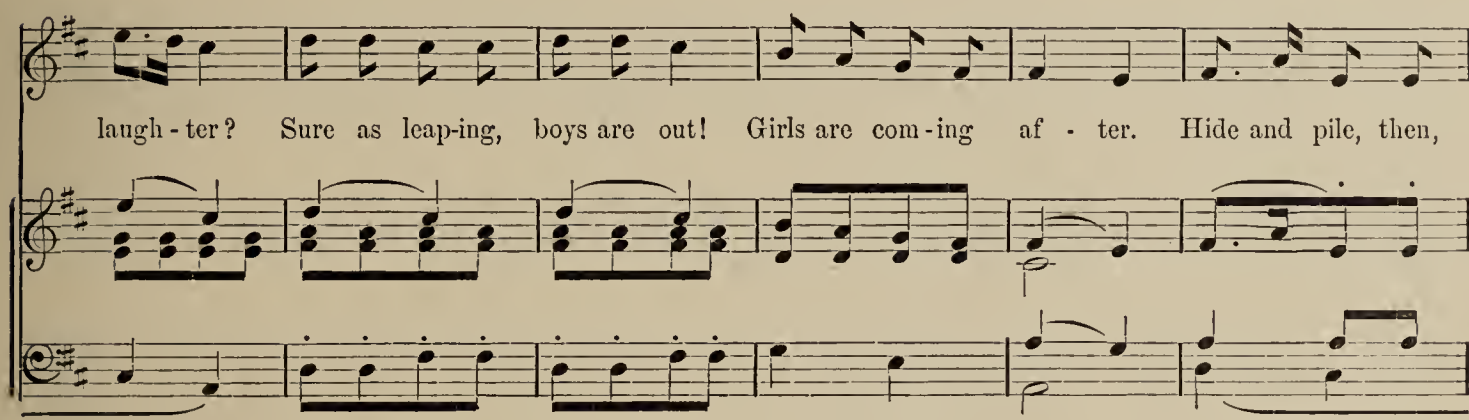
M. M. D.

GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL.

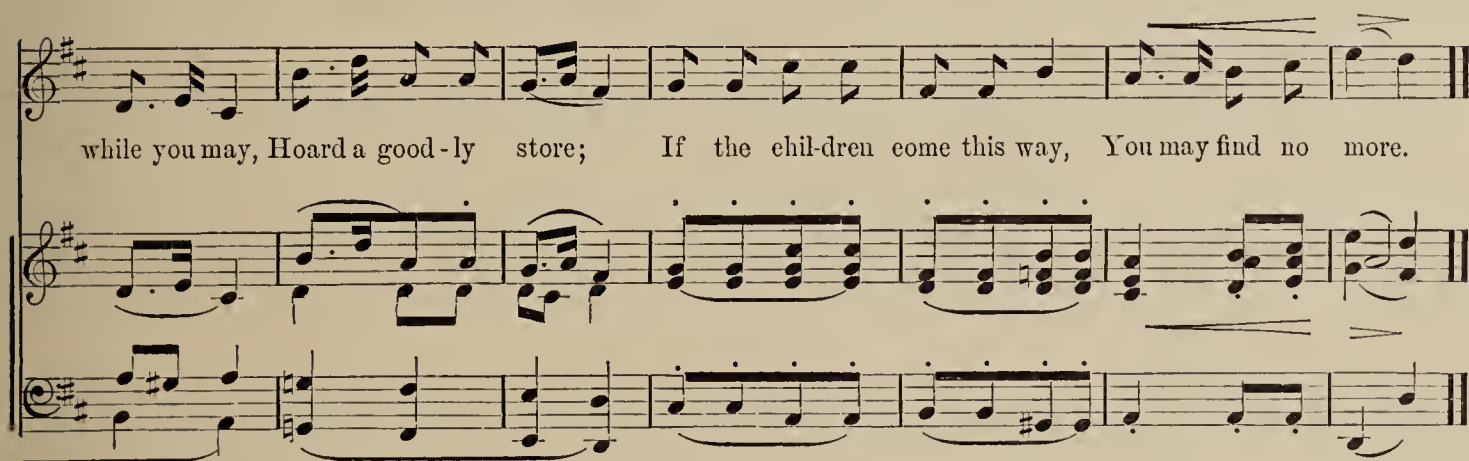




Hear you not their mer-ry shout, Song, and hap-py



laugh-ter? Sure as leap-ing, boys are out! Girls are com-ing af-ter. Hide and pile, then,



while you may, Hoard a good-ly store; If the chil-dren come this way, You may find no more.





The Merry Rain.

FLETA FORRESTER.
Allegretto con moto.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

p (sprinkling) *ac - cel - er - an - do*
(shower)

p
1. Sprink-le, sprink-le, comes the rain, Tap - ping on the

poco rall. *p*

win - dow-pane; Trick-ling, coursing, Crowd-ing, fore-ing, Crowd-ing, fore-ing Ti - ny rills,

rall.

Crowd-ing, fore-ing Ti - ny rills To the drip - ping win - dow - sills. 2. Laughing rain-drops

poco rall. *p scherz.*

light and swift, Through the air they fall and sift; Danc - ing, trip - ping, Bound-ing, skip - ping,

Bound-ing, skip - ping Thro' the street, Danc - ing, trip - ping Thro' the street, With their thou-sand

mer - ry feet. 3. Ev' - ry blade of grass a - round Is a lad - der to the ground;

molto cres cen do

Slip - ping, slid - ing, On they come With their bus - y zip and hum.

2 2 4 3 2 1 2
Sva.....
5 3

ff

4. Oh, the brisk and mer - ry rain, Bring-ing glad - ness in its train!

dim. e rit. *p a tempo*

Fall - ing, glanc-ing, Tink - ling, danc-ing, Tink - ling, danc - ing All a - round, Fall - ing, glanc-ing

All a - round. List - en to its cheer - y sound, List - en to its cheer - y sound,

p *8va.....* *p*

To its cheer - y sound.

8va..... *p* di - min - u - en - do *pp*



The Minuet.

M. M. D.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Tempo di minuetto.

1. Grandma told me all a-bout it,
Told me, so I couldn't doubt it, How she danced, my grandma danced! Long a - go. How she
held her pretty head, How her dainty skirt she spread, Turning out her lit - tle toes; How she slow - ly
leaned and rose, Long a - go, Long a - go.

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2. Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too,—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet,
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

3. Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Brave but modest, grandly shy—
She would like to have us try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.



Sleep, sleep, the south wind blows.

LUCY M. BLINN.

WALDO S. PRATT.

Andante. *mp*

1. Sleep, sleep, the south wind blows,
2. Hush, hush, thy rest - less cries,

mp *p*

Rock - ing the bee in the thorn - less rose; The ba - by birds have gone to bed, The
Clos - ing the drow - sy blue - bell eyes; On thy moth - er's love - warm breast Fold

dim. *mf* *dim.*

drow - sy blue - bell hangs her head. Blue - bell and ba - by, bee and rose, Sleep, the south wind
close thy hid - den wings and rest. Till the blos - som eye un - close, Sleep, the south wind

dim. *dim.*

1st time. *cres.*

soft - ly blows; The tide ebbs, the tide..... flows; Night comes,

(Omit.....)

night..... goes: While the stars their still watch keep,— Lul - la - by, ba - by, sleep, sleep!

dim. *p* *rall.*

2nd time. *p* *cres.*

soft - ly blows; In the moth-er-heart, my rose, Love comes, but nev - er goes: Moth - er - love has

p *cres.* *dim.*

p *rall.* *pp* *ppp*

tides so deep! Lul - la - by, ba - by,—sleep, sleep! Lul - la - by, ba - by,—sleep!

p *rall.* *pp legato* *ppp*



The Song of the Shark.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

G. W. CHADWICK.

Allegro vivace.

1. Oh,
3. He

p *cres.* *p*

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blithe and mer - ri - ly sang the shark, As he sat on the house-top high,..... A-
sang of the whales who'd have giv'n their tails For a glance of his rav - en eye;..... The

cleaning his boots, and smoking che-roots, With a sin - gle glass in his eye..... 2. He
sword - fish, too, who their weap - ons drew, And vowed for his sake they'd die..... 4. He

sang of the ships he'd eat - en like chips, In the palm - y days of his youth;... And he
car - olled a - way by night and by day, Un - - til he made ev'-ry one ill;..... I'll...

ad-ded, "If you don't be - lieve it is true, Just look at my wis - dom tooth!"
wa-ger a crown that un-less he's come down He's prob - a - bly carolling (Omit.....) still.





The Queen o' May.

M. M. D.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegretto.

con grazia
mp
1. The Queen o' May held court one day,—The fields had naught to give her; All

con grazia
mp

in their best her maids were dress'd, And they be - gan to shiv - er.

crescendo

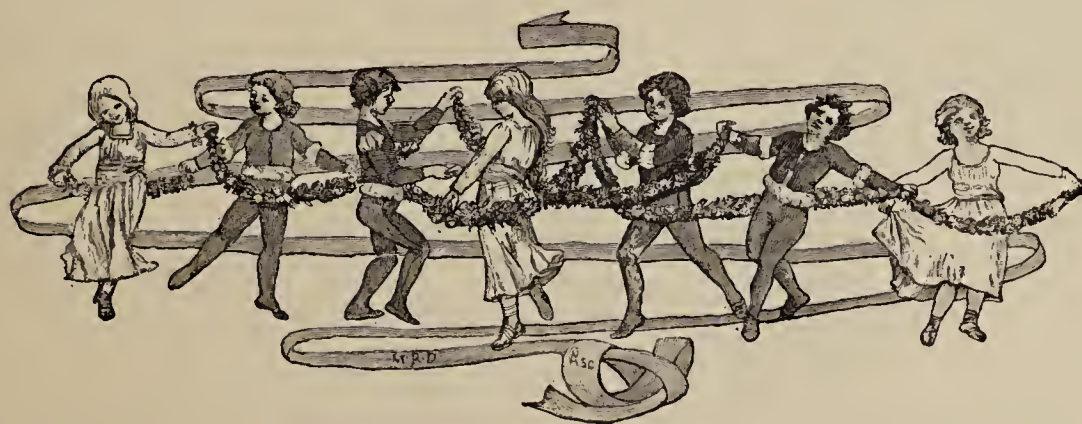
scherzando
p
2. "Now, nev - er sneeze, but warm your knees, And look for dai - sies grow - ing; You'll

ff
p
scherzando

p *rit.* *a tempo*
 find the air quite soft and fair, Un - less it fall a-snowing." "Quite soft!" they said, each loy - al maid; "So
mf *p* *rit.* *a tempo* *p* *sfz*

espress.
 fair!" the boys went chaff - ing; But soon the May came down that way, And set them all a -
espress.

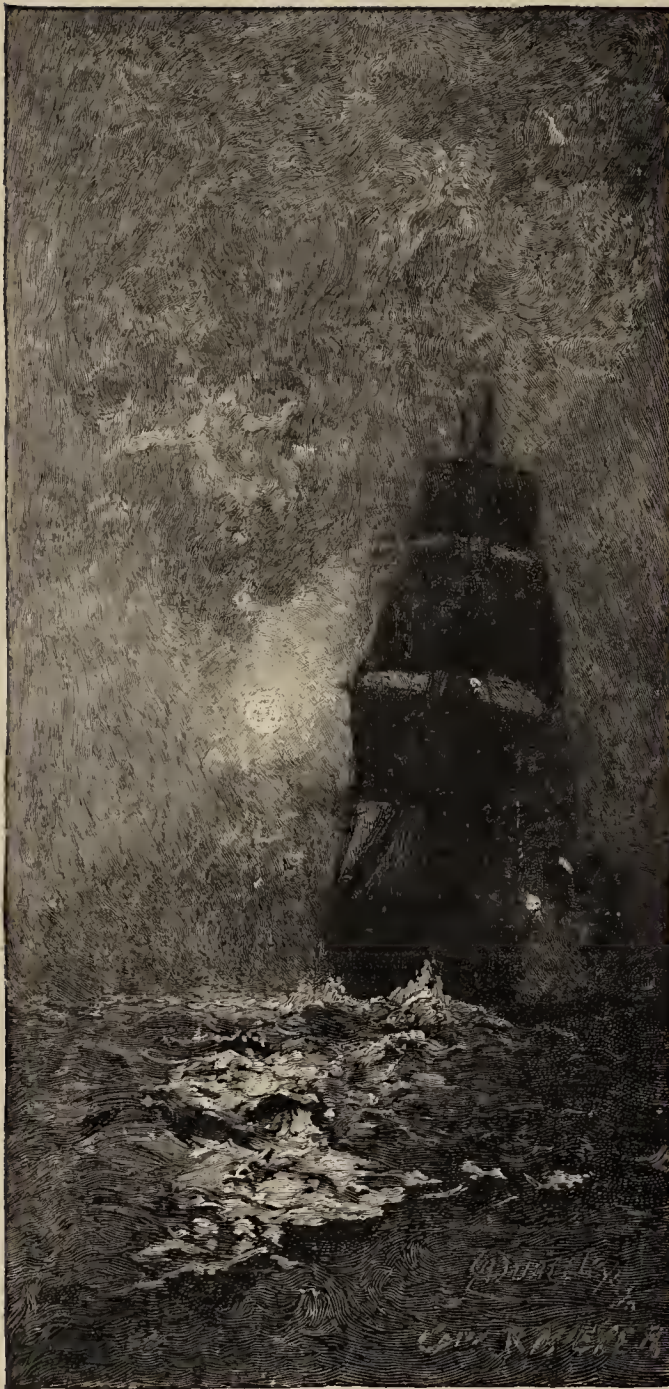
laugh - ing.
mf *rit.* *pp*



There's a ship on the sea.

M. M. D.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.



Very soft, not too slow. p

There's a ship on the

p

con ped.

sea. It is sail - ing to-night, Sail - ing to -

night!.... And fa-ther's a - board, and the

moon is all bright, Shin - ing and bright!..... Dear

moon! he'll be sail - ing for ma - ny a night, Sail - ing from moth - er and

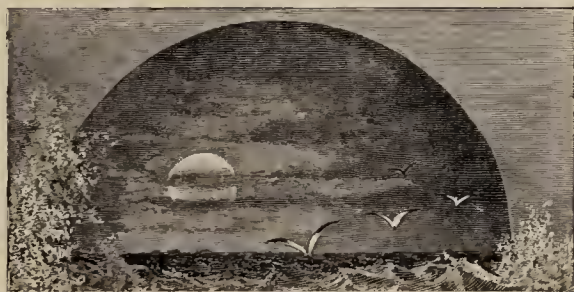
me..... Oh! fol - low the ship with your sil - ver - y light, As fa - ther

Ped.

sails o - ver the sea, o - - ver the sea, As fa - - ther.....

sails o - - ver the sea.....

pp *rit.*





Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON.
Andante.

F. G. ILSLEY.

p

1. To and fro, So soft and slow,
2. Lul - la - by! The crick - ets cry,

p

Swingeth the ba - by's cra - dle O! Still he lies With laugh-ing eyes,
The twink-ling stars are in the sky. Soft dew's fall, While rob - ins call,

meno mosso

And will not in - to Dream-land go. 3. Sleep, oh, sleep!.... In slum - - ber
And homeward swift the swal - lows fly.

deep..... Sweet dreams a - cross thine eyes..... shall creep,.....

p And all.... night.. The soft moon - light.. With - in thy cur - tained
pp

cresc.

era - dle peep..... 4. Hush! he sighs— The laughter flies All swift-ly from his

rall. *a tempo*

sempre p

drow - sy eyes. To and fro, More soft—more slow— And fast a - sleep the

meno

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with lyrics 'drow - sy eyes. To and fro, More soft—more slow— And fast a - sleep the'. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The bottom staff is a bass line. The tempo/mood marking 'sempre p' is above the first measure, and 'meno' is above the middle of the system.

pp rall.

ba - by lies. Lul - la - by! Lul - la - by!

pp *pp p*

rit. e dim.

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. The vocal line has lyrics 'ba - by lies. Lul - la - by! Lul - la - by!'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. The tempo/mood marking 'pp rall.' is above the first measure. 'pp' and 'pp p' are marked above the piano accompaniment. 'rit. e dim.' is marked above the final measures of the system.



Punkydoodle and Jollapin.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

JOSEPH MOSENTHAL.

Allegro.

1. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee! How does the
 2. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee! How does the
 3. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee! How does the
 4. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee! How does the

Em - per - or take his tea? He takes it with mel - ons, he takes it with milk, He
 Car - di - nal take his tea? He takes it in Lat - in, he takes it in Greek, He
 Ad - mir - al take his tea? He takes it with splie - es, he takes it with spars, He
 Pres - i - dent take his tea? He takes it in bed, and he takes it in school, He

takes it with syr - up and sas - sa - fras silk. He takes it with - out, and he
 takes it just sev - en - ty times a week. He takes it so strong that it
 takes it with jok - ers and jol - ly jack - tars: And he stirs it 'round with a
 takes it in Con - gress a - gainst the rule. He takes it with bran - dy, and

takes it with - in; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!
 makes him grin; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!
 dol - phin's fin; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!
 thinks it no sin; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!

The Sweet, Red Rose.

M. M. D.

GEORGE INGRAHAM.

Tempo di valse.



1. "Good mor - row,

lit - - tle rose - - bush, Now pry - - thee tell me

true..... To be as sweet, as a sweet, red rose What must a

bod - - y do? What must a bod - - y do?"..... 2. "To

be as sweet as a sweet, red rose, A lit - tle girl like you..... Just

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, with lyrics written below it. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively. The music is in a simple, melodic style with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

grows and grows and grows and grows— And that's what she must do, Just

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, with lyrics written below it. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively. The music continues the melody from the first system.

grows and grows and grows and grows—And that's what she must do."

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, with lyrics written below it. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively. The music concludes the phrase with a double bar line.





Ironing Song.

BESSIE HILL.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Allegretto.

Solo.

Chorus in unison.

First your i - ron smooth must be, *f* Rub a - way!

p *pp* *f*

Rub a - way! *p* Rust and i - ron dis - a - gree, *f* Rub a - way! Rub a - way!

pp *f*

Tho' your i - ron must be hot, *f* Glide a - way! Slide a - way! *p* It must nev - er scorch or spot,

mf *f* *p*

Glide a - way! Slide a - way! *mf* Then the cloth, so soft and white, *f* Press a - way! Press a - way!

mf *mf* *f*

Solo. *mf* On the ta - ble must be tight, *Cho.* *f* Press a-way! Press a-way! *Solo.* *mp* Crease or wrin-kle must not be, *Cho.* *f* Smooth a-way!

Solo. *poco rit.* *mf* Smooth a-way! Or the work is spoiled, you see, *Cho.* *mf* Smooth a-way! Smooth a-way! *Solo.* *a tempo* *p* Ev'ry piece, when press'd with eare,

Cho. *f* Work a-way! Work a-way! *Solo.* *mp* Must be hung a - while to air, *Cho.* *f* Work a-way! Work a-way! *Solo.* *mf* Then you fold them

Cho. *f* one by one, *Solo.* *rit.* *f* Put a - way! Put a-way! Now the i - ron - ing is done, *Cho.* *ff* Hap - py day! Hap - py day!



Childhood's Gold.

LUCY LARCOM.

J. W. PALMER.

Allegretto.

ff *con spirito*

1. They need not go so far a - way, Thro' heat and cold to hunt for gold; They
 2. T' was scat - tered all the way from school, In stars and bells a - down the dells, We
 3. Our homes are sweet a - down the hills, Where love is sure and life is pure, And

p

might be - side us sit or stray, Our hands are full as they can hold. Gold,
 chil - dren gath - ered ap - rons full Where lit - tle Dan - de - li - on dwells; And
 sun - shine ev - 'ry sea - son fills, How can a coun - try child be poor? No

lento *sffz* *a tempo*

gold is pour'd out of the sky, From rise of sun till day is done, With fall - ing
yel - low Cow - slip to our feet Came like a king, his hoard to bring, And Col - um -
rob - ber scares our mid - night hours, No eof - fers cold our treasures hold, Dew-drops and

leaves it flash-es by, In li - quid gold the riv - ers run.
bine, with rod so sweet, Shook gold up - on our path, —(gay thing!)
sun - beams, stars and flow'rs, —Gold, gold, who shares our childhood's gold?

Gold!..... our child - hood's gold! Who shares, who shares our childhood's gold? Ah!.... who

shares our childhood's gold?

Whenever a little child is born.

AGNES L. CARTER.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegretto.

semplice

When - ev - er a lit - tle child is born, All

mp

night a soft wind rocks the corn; One more but-ter-cup wakes to the morn, Some-where.

a tempo

rit.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

One more rose-bud shy will unfold, One more grass-blade push thro' the mold,

dim.

One more bird-song the air will hold, Somewhere, *pp* Somewhere.

L. II.

rit.

pp

Ped. * *Ped.* *

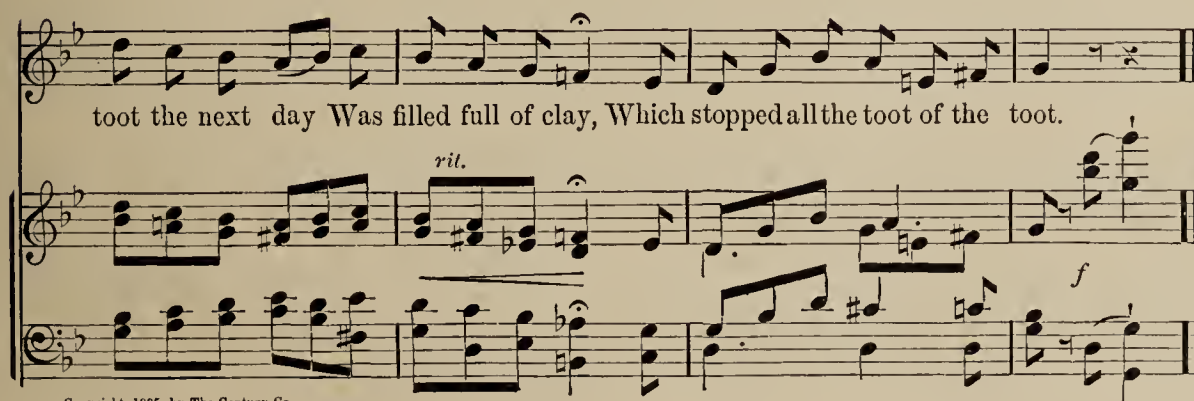
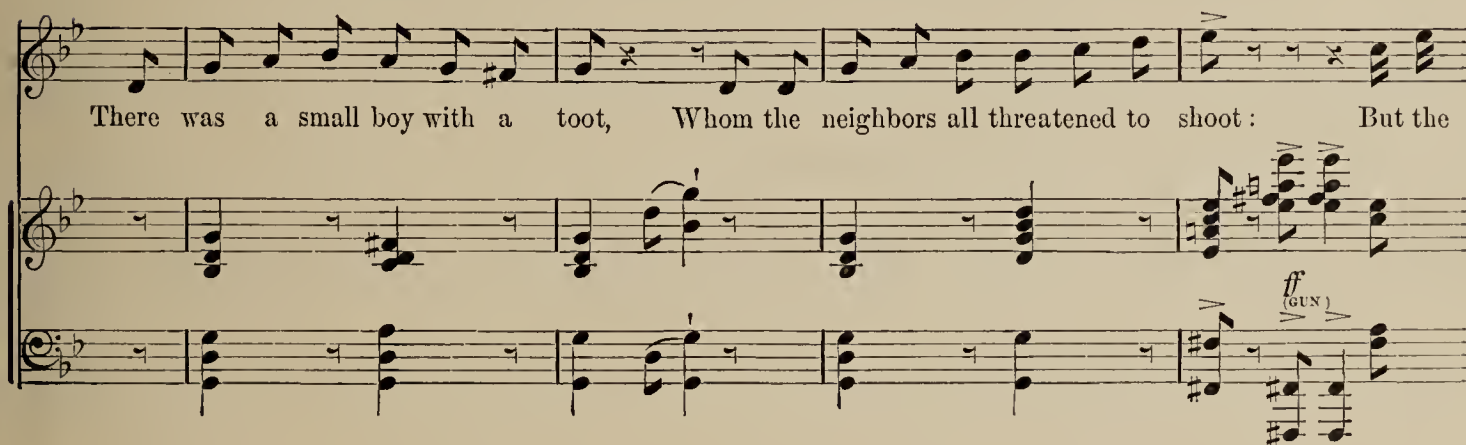
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The Boy and the Toot.

M. S.
Allegro.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.





Dandelions.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

G. F. SUCK.

Andante quasi allegretto.

1. Up - on a showery night and still, With-out a sound of warn - ing, A

mf *parlando* *p* *pp* *p*

troop - er band sur - prised the hill, And held it in the morn - ing. We were not waked by

bu - gle notes, No cheer our dreams in - vad - ed, And yet, at dawn their yel - low coats On

p *cres - - - f* *p* *p* *cres - - - f* *p*

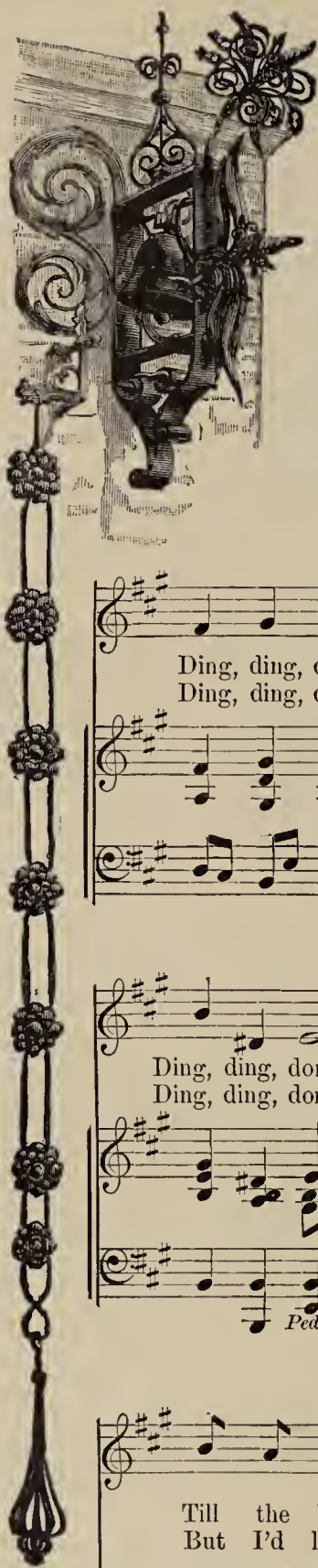
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the green slopes pa-rad - - ed. 2. We care-less folk the

deed for-got; Till one day, i-dly walk-ing, We marked up-on the self-same spot A crowd of vet'rans

talk-ing. They shook their trembling heads and gray With pride and noiseless laughter; When, well-a-day! they

blew a-way, And ne'er were heard of aft-er!



Ding, dong!

M. M. D.

J. L. MOLLOY.

Andante con moto.

1. Tell us, year, be - fore you go,—
2. Why can't years come back a - gain,

rall.

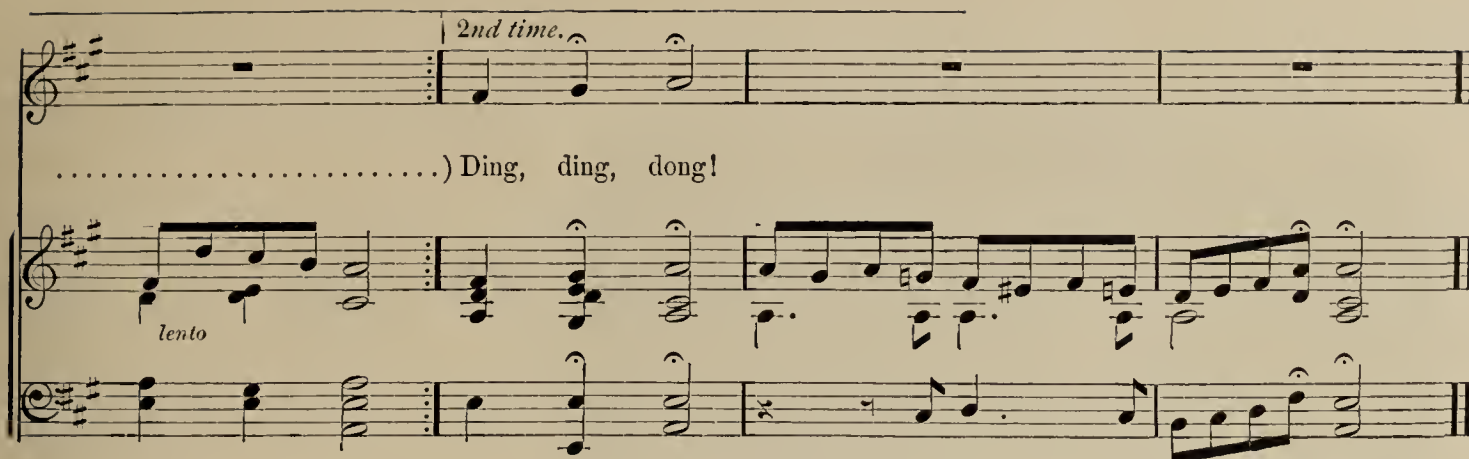
Ding, ding, dong! Why at last you hur - ry so, Though at first so ve - ry slow?
Ding, ding, dong! Just the same as they have been? Big folks say 't would nev - er do,

Ding, ding, dong! Can't you wait a lit - tle long - er, Till the ba - by year gets stronger,
Ding, ding, dong! None would live the past a - new; But I'd like it, - would-n't you?

Ped. *

1st time.

Till the ba - by year gets strong - er? Ding, ding, dong!
But I'd like it, - would - n't you? (*Omit.*.....)



GRACE FOR A CHILD

by
Robert Herrick



" HERE A LITTLE CHILD I STAND.
HEAVING UP MY EITHER HAND;
COLD AS PADDOCKS THOUGH THEY BE,
HERE I LIFT THEM UP TO THEE,
FOR A BENISON TO FALL
ON OUR MEAT AND ON OUR ALL. AMEN".



X

The Sing-away Bird.

LUCY LARCOM.

HARRISON MILLARD.



Moderato.

mf

1. O say, have you heard of the

sing - a - way bird, That sings where the Run-a - way River Runs

f

down with its rills from the bald-head-ed hills That stand in the sun-shine and shiv - er? O

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sing! sing - a - way! sing - a - way! O sing! sing - a - way! sing - a - way!

O, how the pines and the birch - es are stirred By the trill of the sing - a - way

bird! 2. And the bald - head - ed hills, with their rocks and their rills, To the

tune of his rapt - ure are ringing; And their fa - ces grow young, all their gray mists among, While the

for - ests break forth in - to sing - ing. Sing! sing - a - way! sing - a - way!

Sing! sing - a - way! sing - a - way! And the riv - er runs sing - ing a - long; And the

fly - ing winds catch up the song. 3. It was nothing, but—hush! a wild

ad lib.

white-throat-ed thrush, That emptied his mu - si - cal quiv - er With a charm and a spell o - ver

f

val - ley and dell On the banks of the Run - a - way Riv - er. O sing! sing - a - way! sing - a -

way, O sing! sing - a - way! sing - a - way! And yet the song of the wild sing - er had The

sound of a soul, of a soul that is glad.....





Punkydoodle and Jollapin.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegro moderato.

p *misterioso* *poco* *a poco* *cres* *cen*

1. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Wink - y Wee! How
2. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Wink - y Wee! How

do *ff* *dim. e rall.* *p*

does the Em - pe - ror take his tea? He takes it with mel - ons, he takes it with milk, He
does the Car - di - nal take his tea? He takes it in La - tin, he takes it in Greek, He

takes it with sy - rup and sas - sa - fras silk. He takes it with - out, he
takes it just sev - en - ty times a week. He takes it so strong that it

f *poco rall.*

takes it with - in; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!
 makes him grin; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!

a tempo *f con spirito* *scherz.*

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!

1st, 2d & 3rd. 4th.
 Oh,

3 Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the Admiral take his tea?
 He takes it with splices, he takes it with spars,
 He takes it with jokers and jolly jack-tars,
 And stirs it round with a dolphin's fin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

4 Oh, Pillykin Willikin Winky Wee!
 How does the President take his tea?
 He takes it in bed, and he takes it in school,
 He takes it in Congress against the rule.
 He takes it with brandy, and thinks it no sin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!





A Lullaby.

J. G. HOLLAND.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Andantino.

1. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,
2. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,
3. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,

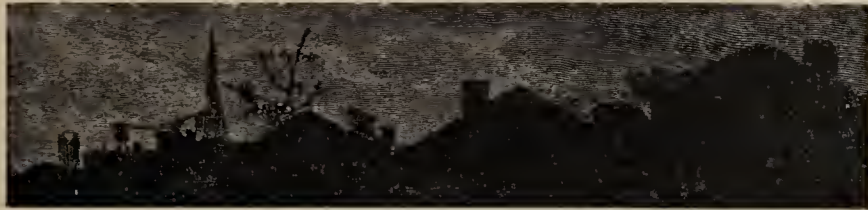
bees in the elo - ver! Croon-ing so drow - si - ly, cry-ing so low— Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,
rain on the elo - ver! Tears on the eye - lids that wa-ver and weep; Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,
dew on the elo - ver! Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn! Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,

dear lit - tle rov - er! Down in - to won - der-land— Down to the un - der-land— Go, oh go! . . .
bend-ing it o - ver Down on the mo - ther-world, Down on the oth - er world! Sleep, oh sleep! . . .
dear lit - tle rov - er! In - to the still - y world, In - to the lil - y-world, Gone, oh gone! . . .

oh go! Down in - to won - der-land Go, oh go! . . . oh go! . . .
oh sleep! Down on the mo - ther-world, Sleep, oh sleep! . . . oh sleep! . . .
oh gone! In - to the lil - y-world, Gone, oh gone! . . . oh gone! . . .

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1st and 2d. 3rd.



Night and Day.

M. M. D.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Andante.

poco rit. mf a tempo

mp

1. When I run a - bout all day, When I kneel at night to pray, God sees, God sees. 2. When I'm dreaming

♩ = 84. mp

poco rit. mf a tempo

poco rit. a tempo

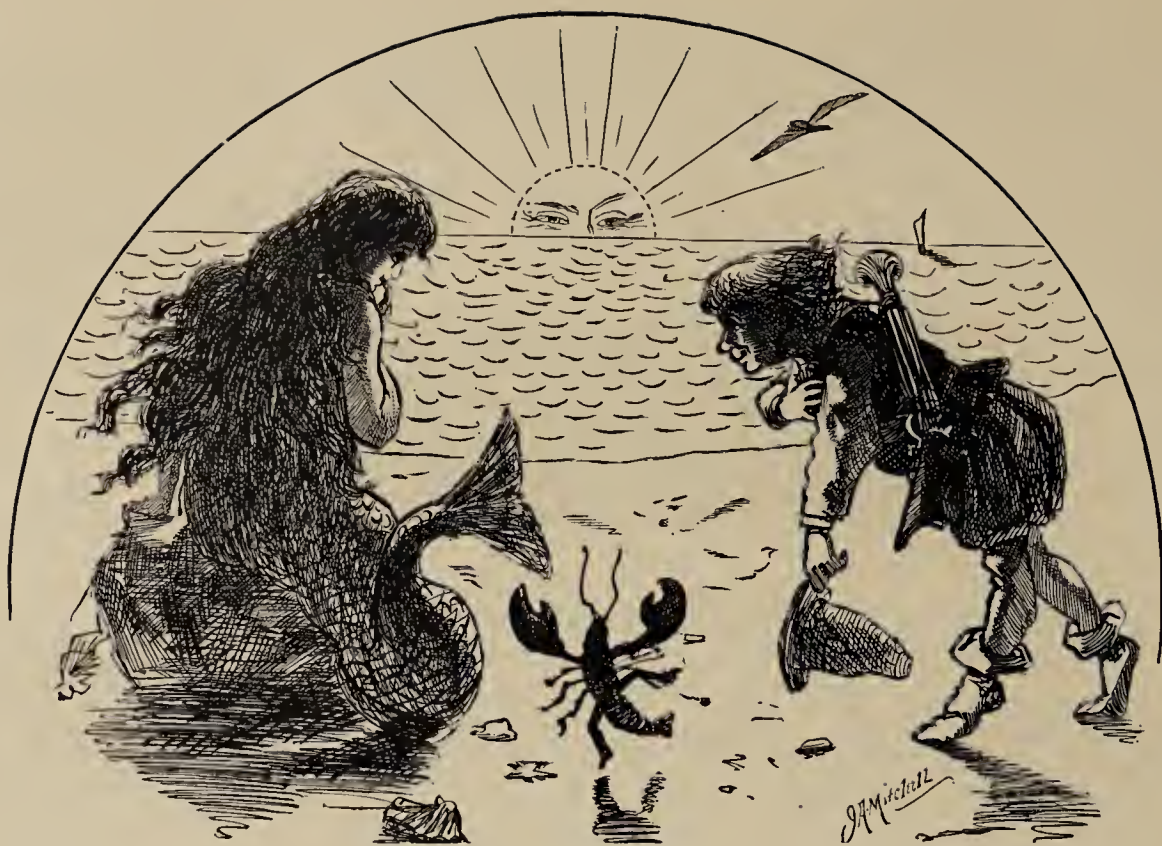
in the dark, When I lie a - wake and hark, God sees, God sees. 3. Need I ev - er know a fear?

poco rit. a tempo

f p rit. pp

Night and day my Fa - ther's near : God sees, God sees.

f p dim. rit. ppp



Little John Bottlejohn.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegretto giocoso.

mp

1. Lit - tle John Bot - tle- john
 2. Lit - tle John Bot - tle- john
 3. Lit - tle John Bot - tle- john
 4. Lit - tle John Bot - tle- john

mf *sf* *mp*

lived on the hill, And a blithe lit - tle man was he;
 heard her song, And he o - pen'd his lit - tle door,
 made a bow, And the mer - maid she made one, too,
 said; "Oh, yes, I'll will - ing - ly go with you;

And he won, won the heart of a lit - tle mer - maid Who lived in the deep blue
 And he hopp'd and he skipp'd, skipp'd and hopp'd Un - til he came down to the
 And she said: "Oh, I nev - er, nev - er saw a - ny-thing So per - fect - ly sweet as
 And I'll not quail at the sight of your tail, For per - haps I may grow one,

rit.
a tempo

sea. And ev' - ry eve - ning she used to
 shore. And there on a rock sat the lit - tle
 you. In my beau - ti - ful home, 'neath the o - cean
 too." So he took her hand, and he left the

con anima

sit. And sing on the rocks by the sea: "Oh, lit - tle John Bot - tle - john!
 mer - maid, And still she was sing - ing so free—" Oh, lit - tle John Bot - tle - john!
 foam, How hap - py we both should be! Oh, lit - tle John Bot - tle - john!
 land, And he plunged in the foam - ing main; And lit - tle John Bot - tle - john,

cres.
rit. dim.
a tempo
cres.
rit. dim.
p

pret - ty John Bot - tle - john! Won't you come out to me?"
 pret - ty John Bot - tle - john! Won't you come out to me?"
 pret - ty John Bot - tle - john! Won't you come down with me?"
 pret - ty John Bot - tle - john, Nev - er was seen a - gain.

rit.
pp

The Wren and the Hen.

J. L. MOLLOY.

Moderato.

1. Said a ve - ry small wren

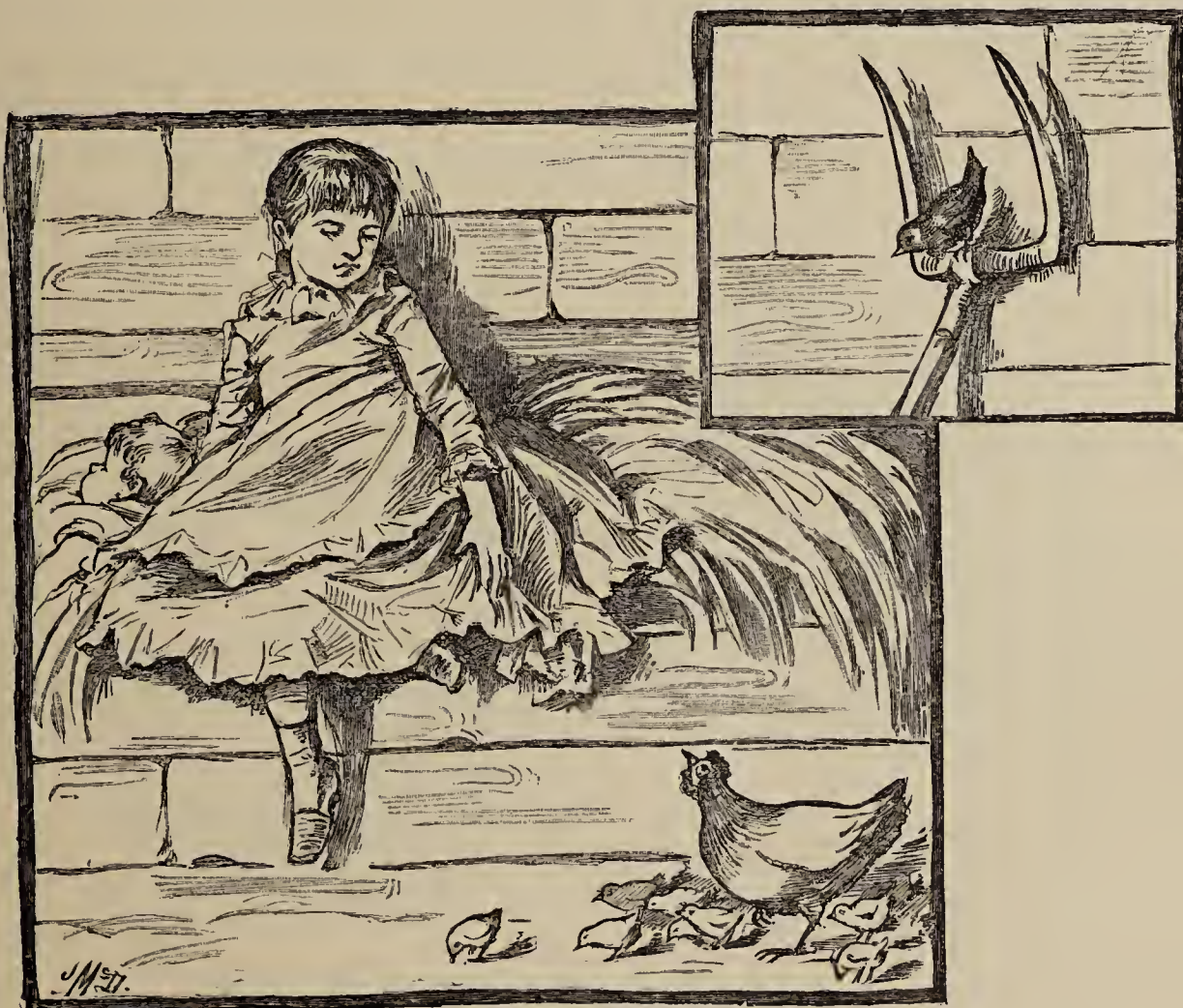
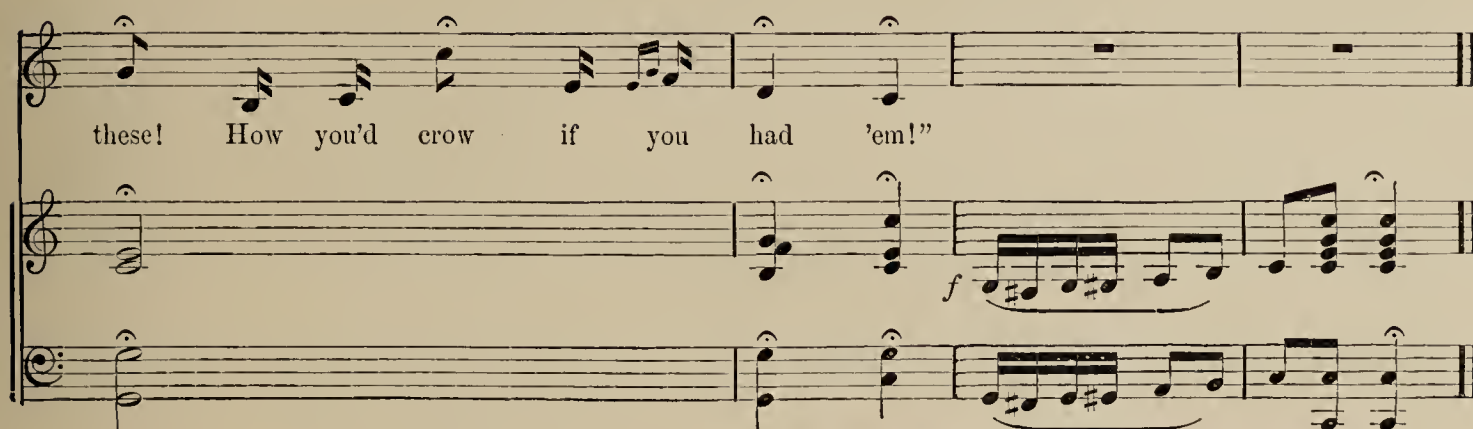
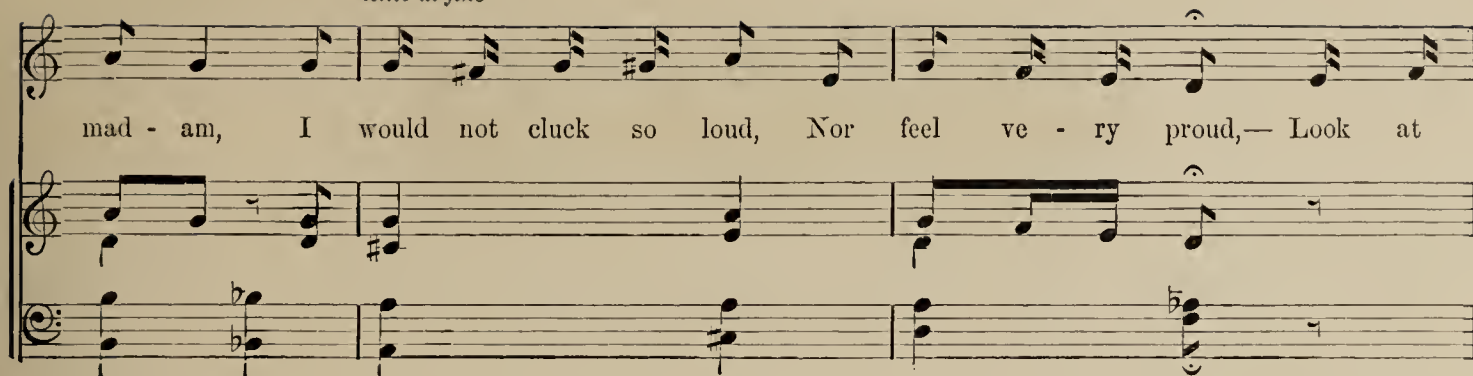
To a ve - ry large hen, "Why do you make such a clat - ter? For who could ev - er guess That an

egg more or less Should be thought so im - por - tant a mat - ter?"

2. Then

answering said the hen To the ve - ry lit - tle wren, "If I laid such small eggs as you,

lento al fine





Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Andante. *p*

1. To and fro, So soft and
2. Lul - la - by! The erick - ets
3. Sleep, oh, sleep! In slum - ber
4. Hush! he sighs— The laugh - ter

p

cres - cen - do

slow, Swingeth the ba - by's era-dle O! Still he lies With laughing eyes, And will not
cry, The twinkling stars are in the sky. Soft dew's fall, While rob-ins eall, And homeward
deep, Sweet dreams a - cross thine eyes shall creep, And all night The soft moon-light With-in thy
flies All swift - ly from his drowsy eyes. To and fro, More soft—more slow—And fast a -

cres.

1st time.

in - - to dream-land go.....in - to dream-land go.
swift the swallows fly.....(Omit.....
cur - tain'd cradle peep.....(Omit.....
sleep the ba - by lies.....(Omit.....

p

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2nd & 3rd. 4th. *p* *piu lento*

..... And swift the swal - lows fly.
 With - in thy cra - dle peep..
 a - sleep, a -

p *piu lento*

pp *molto dim. e rall.*.....

sleep, a - sleep the ba - by lies.....

pp *molto dim. e rall.*

OH LADY MOON,
 YOUR HORNS POINT TOWARD THE EAST—
 ~~~~~SHINE÷BE INCREASED~~~~~



OH LADY MOON,  
 YOUR HORNS POINT TOWARD THE WEST—  
 ~~~~~WANE÷BE AT REST~~~~~

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



Riding on the Rail.

A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

H. F. KING.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegro vivace.

L.H. *f* (bell) L.H. *p* (the wheels move) *dim.*

Ped.

RECITATION.*

1. Click-et - y, clack-et - y, how the wheels run! Crick-et - y, crack-et - y, is n't it fun?

pp *bien rythmé*

Rush-ing thro' bridges and o-ver the streams, See-ing the coun-try like so ma-ny dreams!

un poco staccato

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* This piece is to be recited; and, as the piano-forte part is descriptive, it must be played with a careful observance of all marks of expression, and in perfect rhythm.

2. Bump-it - y, bump-it - y, bang, on each rail!

How the ear shiv-ers thro' mountain and vale!

Now on the hill-side, and now on the plain,

Running the same in the sunshine or rain.

3. Chunk-et - y, chunket - y, chunk-et - y, ehunk!

Band-box and pas-sen-ger, bun-dle and trunk,

All on the sin-gle train speeding a-way

Fast-er than an - te-lop-es bound-ing in play.

4. Jig - gle - ty, jog - gle - ty, bump-it - y, bump,

Criek-et - y, craek-et - y, hump-it - y, hump,

Rat-tle-ty, bat-tle-ty, click-et-y, clang, Whis-tle-ty, ring-it-y, here we stop, bang!

sf. *poco rall.*

1. Click-et-y, clack-et-y, how the wheels run! Crick-et-y, crack-et-y, is n't it fun?

pp sempre legato *cres.*

Rush-ing thro' bridges and o-ver the streams, See-ing the coun-try like so ma-ny dreams!

Bump-i-ty, bump-i-ty, bang, on each rail! How the car shiv-ers thro' mountain and vale!

f *cres*

Now on the hill-side, and now on the plain, Run-ning the same in the sunshine or rain.

ff *dim e rall.*

Jig - gle - ty, jog - gle - ty, bump - it - y, bump,

Crick - et - y, crack - et - y, hump - it - y, hump,

musical notation for the first system, featuring treble and bass staves with notes and rests, and the word *dolce* written below the bass staff.

Rat - tle - ty, bat - tle - ty, click - et - y, clang,

Whis - tle - ty, ring - it - y, here we stop, bang!

musical notation for the second system, featuring treble and bass staves with notes and rests, and the word *8va* written above the treble staff.

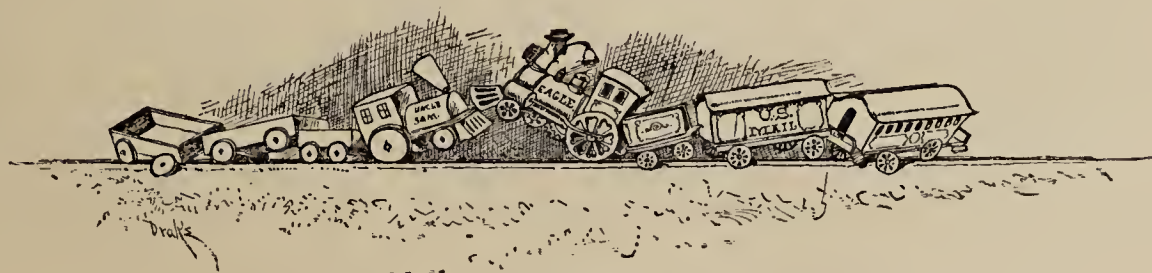
Rat - tle - ty, bat - tle - ty, click - et - y, clang,

Whis - tle - ty, ring - it - y,

musical notation for the third system, featuring treble and bass staves with notes and rests, and the words *ff*, *8va*, and *dim.* written below the bass staff.

here we stop, bang!

musical notation for the fourth system, featuring treble and bass staves with notes and rests, and the words *sfz*, *pp*, and *ppp* written below the bass staff.



There was a little girl.

G. W. CHADWICK.



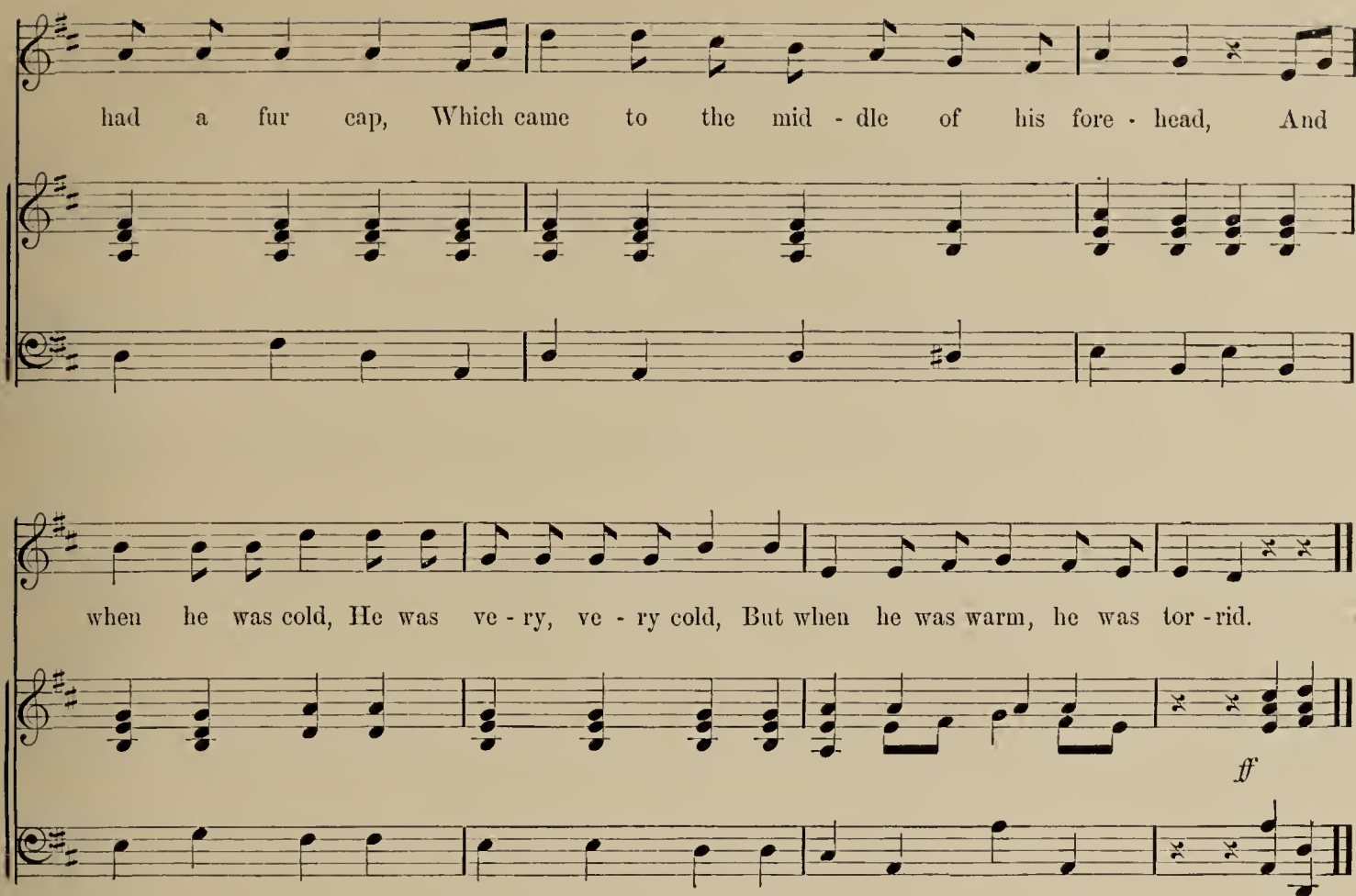
Allegro.

1. There was a lit - tle girl, And she

had a lit - tle curl Right down in the mid-dle of her

fore - head, And when she was good, She was ve - ry, ve - ry good, But

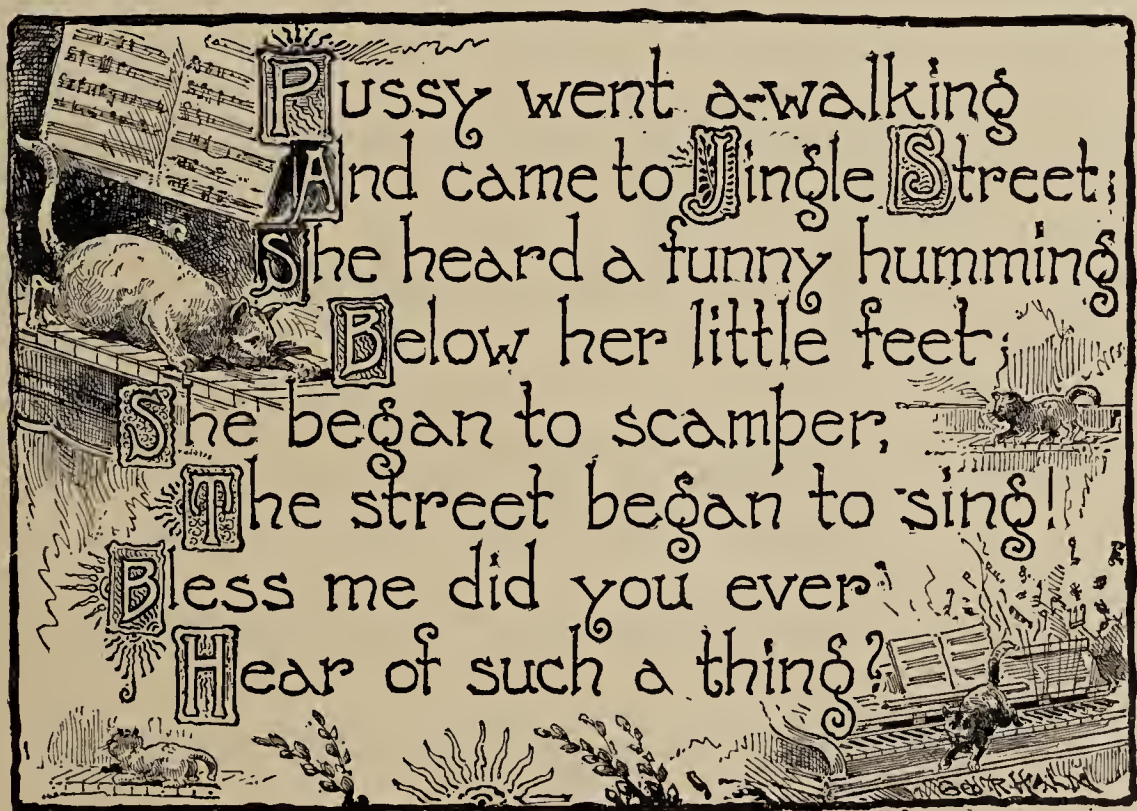
when she was bad, she was hor - rid. 2. There was a lit - tle chap, And he



had a fur cap, Which came to the mid - dle of his fore - head, And

when he was cold, He was ve - ry, ve - ry cold, But when he was warm, he was tor - rid.

ff



The Sweet, Red Rose.

M. M. D.

JOSEPH MOSENTHAL.

Alliegretto. mf



1. "Good mor - row, lit - tle rose - bush, Now pry - thee tell me

mf
♩ = 100.

true: To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose What

rit. *p a tempo*

must a bod - y do?".... 2. "To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose A

rit. *p a tempo*

cres. *p*

lit - tle girl like you Just grows and grows and grows and grows—And that's what she must do."

cres. *p*

Handel.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Andante sostenuto.

1. Bare and cold the gar-ret cham-ber, Gloom-y with its shad-ows dim;
 2. While the night grew still to list-en, Soft and slow the mu-sie sigh'd,
 3. From the moon, now bright, now hid-den In the clouds that crossed her way,

Hung with dust-y, droop-ing cob-webs, Drap'-ry weird and grim, Drap'-ry weird and grim.
 And, in melt-ing, mi-nor meas-ures, In-to si-lence died, In-to si-lence died.
 Through the mist-y gar-ret win-dow Shot a slen-der ray, Shot a slen-der ray,—

p molto espressivo
 Sud-den-ly, from out the shad-ows Of the old, de-sert-ed room, Came a strain of faint-est mu-sie
 Say, what skillful, rapt mu-si-eian, In the lone-ly room a-part, Thus made glad the som-bre mid-night
 Glanced up-on an an-cient spin-et, O'er whose keys, with dust de-filed, Ran the ea-ger, daint-y fin-gers

** a tempo*
 Thro' the ghost-ly gloom, Came a strain of faintest mu-sie Thro' the ghost-ly gloom.
 With his wondrous art? Thus made glad the sombre midnight With his won-drous art?
 Of a lit-tle child! Ran the ea-ger, dainty fin-gers, Ea-ger (*Omit.*)

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* The accompaniment consists of one of the most celebrated of Handel's melodies.

3rd.

fin - gers of a child!

poco a poco piu mosso e cres - cen - do

Allegro.

8va.....

ff *ff maestoso* *rit. dim.*

f

4. Boy, in aft - er years the mas - ter Of all might - y har - mo - nies, With a more than

colla voce *f*

Ped.

rit.

child - ish rapt-ure In thy lift - ed eyes,— With a more than child-ish rapt-ure In thy lift - ed eyes,—

pp

pp a tempo

Sure - ly, in the gar - ret cham - ber, Dim with shad - 'wy mys - ter -

armonioso pp

una corda con pedale

- - y, While the world slept in the mid - night,

An - gels talk'd with thee! While the world slept in the mid - night, An -

- - - gels talk'd with thee!

pp *rit.* *ppp*





In the Tree-top.

LUCY LARCOM.

H. A. CLARKE.

Andante.

1. "Roek - a - by, ba - by, up in the tree - top!"
2. Weave him a beau - ti - ful dream, lit - tle breeze!

pp

Moth - er his blank - et is spin - ning; And a light lit - tle rus - tle that nev - er will stop,
Lit - tle leaves, nes - tle a - round . . . him! He will re - mem - ber the song of the trees,

Breez - es and boughs are be - gin - ning. Roek - a - by, ba - by, swing - ing so high! Roek - a - by!
When age with sil - ver has crown'd him. Roek - a - by, ba - by, wake by and by, Roek - a - by!

1st. 2d.

Rock - a - by! Rock - a - by, ba - by, swing - ing so high! Rock - a - by, Roek - a - by!
Rock - a - by! Rock - a - by, ba - by, wake by and by! Rock - a - by, Roek - a - by!

A Valentine.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegretto.

a tempo

1. Oh! lit- tle loveliest la - dy mine,
2. I've search'd the gardens thro' and thro', For

mf *rit.* *mf*

What shall I send for your val - en - tine? Sum - mer and flow - ers are far a - way; Gloom - y old
flow'rs to tell of my love so true. But buds were a - sleep and blossoms were dead, And fall - ing

cres.

Win - ter is king to - day. Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine; What shall I do for a
snow came down on my head. So, lit - tle love - liest la - dy mine, Here is my heart for your

a piacere *cres.* *colla voce*

val - en - tine? Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine; What shall I do for a val - en - tine?
val - en - tine! So, lit - tle love - liest la - dy mine, Here is my heart for your val - en - tine!

a tempo *rit.* *mf* *rit.*



The Song of the Robin.

LIBBIE HAWES.

J. H. CORNELL.

“ Don't you think so? Don't you think so?” Sang the rob - in in the tree—“ Pretty

maiden—don't you think so? Say— why don't you an - swer me? I am wait-ing,— yes, I'm wait-

- - ing ver - y pa - tient-ly. Tell me, dar-ling, please do tell me. Don't you want to? Well, I

see, You are sleeping, and don't hear me, And I'll say good-bye to thee.” And he flew from off the

p

ritard.

ritard.

a tempo

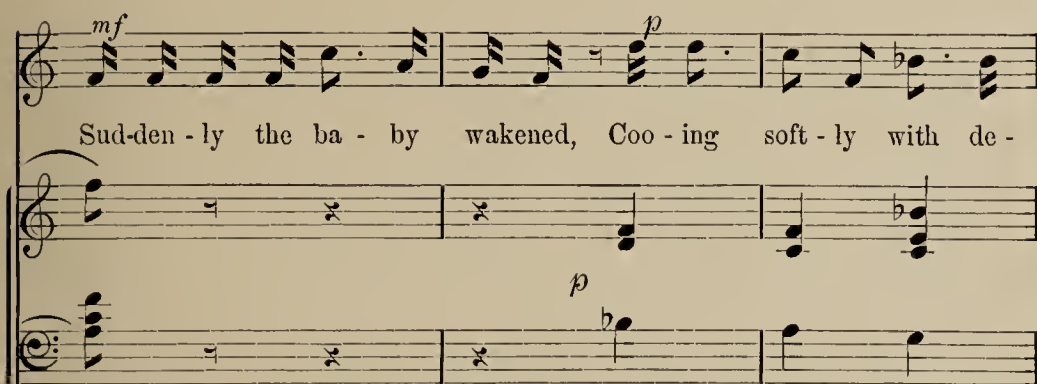
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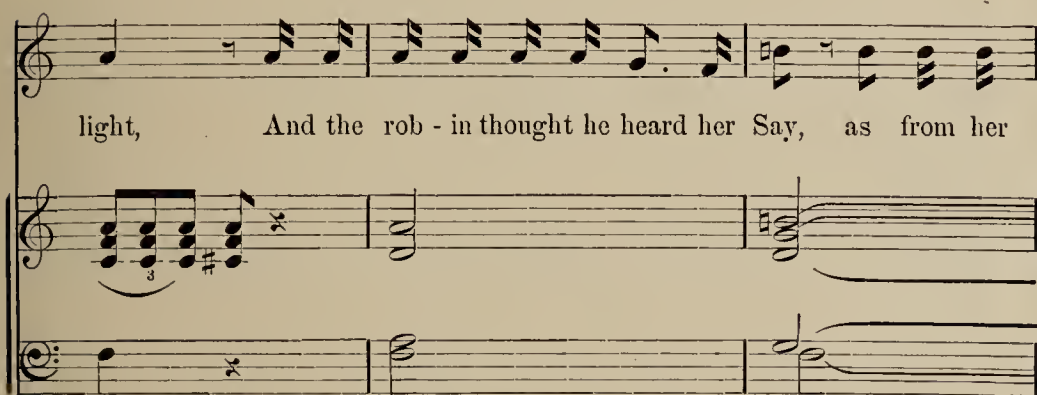
tree, Singing gai-ly, "Don't you think so? Don't you think so? Darling, please to answer me."



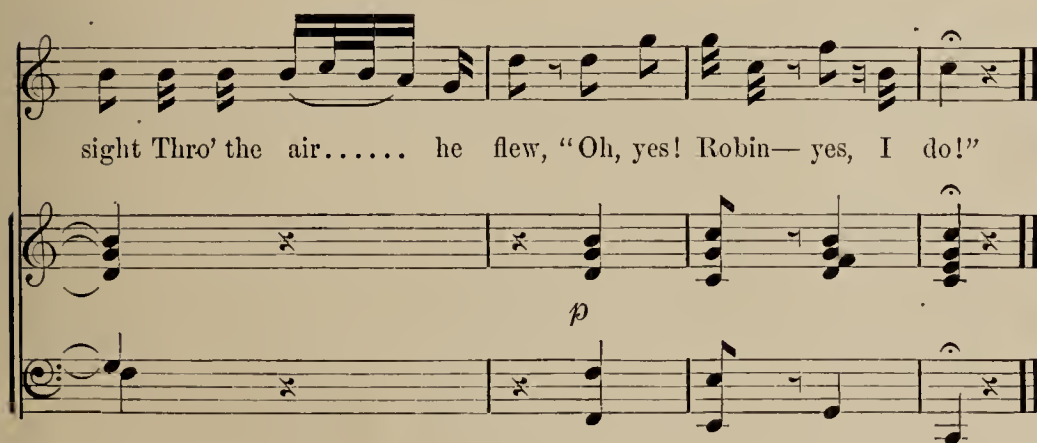
Sud-den - ly the ba - by wakened, Coo - ing soft - ly with de -



light, And the rob - in thought he heard her Say, as from her



sight Thro' the air..... he flew, "Oh, yes! Robin— yes, I do!"





An Easter Carol.

EMILY D. CHAPMAN.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

With spirit.

1. Sweet-ly the birds are sing - ing At Eas - ter dawn, Sweet - ly the bells are
2. Birds! for - get not your sing - ing At Eas - ter dawn; Bells! be ye ev - er
3. Buds! ye will soon be flow - ers, Cher - ry and white; Snow-storms are chang-ing to
4. Eas - ter buds were grow - ing A - ges a - go; Eas - ter lil-ies were

p

rit.

ring - ing On Eas - ter morn, And the words that they say On Eas - ter day Are—
ring - ing On Eas - ter morn. In the spring of the year, When Eas - ter is here, Sing—
show - ers, Dark-ness to light. With wak'-ning of spring, Oh, sweet - ly sing—"Lo!
blow - ing By wa - ter's flow. All na - ture was glad, No creat - ure was sad, For

cres. f rit. mf

f

"Christ . . . the Lord . . . is ris - - - en."
"Christ . . . the Lord . . . is ris - - - en."
Christ . . . the Lord . . . is ris - - - en."
Christ . . . the Lord . . . was ris - - - en.

f rit.

Jessie.

BRET HARTE.

N. H. ALLEN.

A tender strain.

p

1. Jes-sie is both young and fair, Dew-y eyes and sun-ny

♩ = 69. p

colla voce

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in both treble and bass clefs. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piano part includes a tempo marking of 69 beats per minute and a dynamic of piano (p). The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics.

softer

hair; Sunny hair and dewy eyes Are not where her beauty lies. 2. Jessie is both fond and true, Heart of

mf

L. H.

This system continues the song. The vocal melody is marked *softer*. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic of mezzo-forte (mf). The lyrics continue across the vocal line.

gold and will of yew; Will of yew and heart of gold, Still her charms are scarcely told. 3. If she yet remains un-

p

rall.

a tempo

This system continues the song. The piano part has a dynamic of piano (p). The lyrics continue across the vocal line.

softer

sung, Pretty, constant, docile, young; What remains not here compiled? Jes-sie is a lit-tle child!

rit.

This system concludes the song. The vocal melody is marked *softer*. The piano part ends with a dynamic of piano (p). The lyrics conclude with the final line of the song.

April Snow.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Allegretto. *ad lib.* *vivace* *f*

mp 1. What do you say to the snow to-day? Oh, the
 3. What do you say to the snow to-day? Oh, the

mp *f* *vivace*

rob - ins and ro - ses are com - ing. For south wind and sun will find the old way, And the
 red in the ma - ples is glow - ing, If still in the hearts of old woods you de - lay The

brown bees soon be hum - ming, The brown bees soon be hum - - - ming.
 pale a - nem - o - ne's blow - ing, The pale a - nem - o - ne's blow - . ing.

2. You've had your rev - el— you've had your day, Oh, snow, it is time for
 4. You've held your rev - el— you've had your day, To the tune of the north wind's

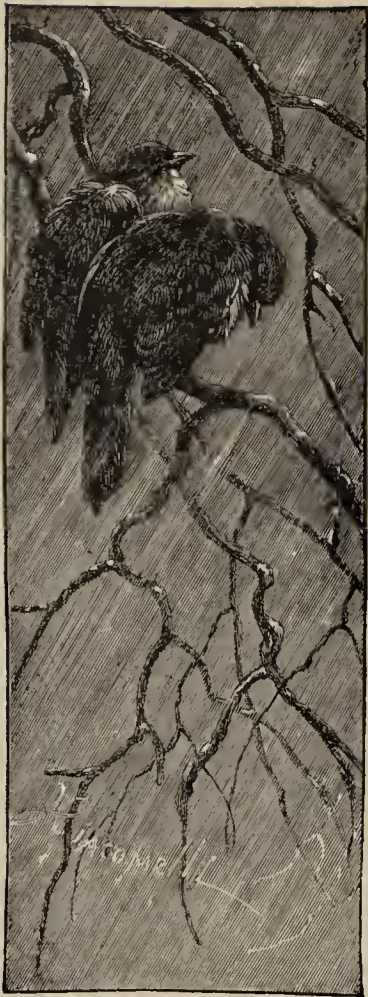
leav - - - ing! . . . For nev - er 'round paths of warm, sweet May Should the
hum - - - ming; But there nev - er was June yet that lost her way, And the

win - ter's ghost be griev - ing! For nev - er 'round paths of warm, sweet May Should the
rob - ins and ro - ses are com - ing! But there nev - er was June that lost her way, And the

win - ter's ghost be griev com - - - ing! . . .
rob - ins and ro - ses are com - - - ing! . . .

poco rit.





The north wind doth blow.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Andante.

The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the robin do

p *plaintively*

then, poor thing! He'll fly to the barn To keep him-self

sempre legato

warm, And hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing! And

dolente

hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing! He'll wing, poor thing!

f *piu lento* *dim.* *D.S.*

1st. *D.S.* 2d.





Meadow Talk.

CAROLINE LESLIE.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Moderato. *f*

1. A bum - ble - bee, yel - low as gold, Sat

perched on a red - clo - ver top, When a grass-hop - per, wi - ry and old, Came a -

long with a skip and a hop. "Good-mor-row!" cried he, "Mis - ter Bum - ble -

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bee! . . You seem to have come to a stop, . . . You seem to have come to a stop." . . . "We

f *rall.* *p*

f *molto rall.....*

peo-ple that work," Said the bee with a jerk, "Find a ben - e-fit sometimes in stop-ping; On-ly
time to be sad, And a time to be glad; A time both for work-ing and stop-ping; For

p

cres. *cres. e accel.*

in - sects like you, Who have noth-ing to do, . . . Can keep per - pet - ual - ly hop-ping, Per -
men to make mon - ey, For you to make hon - ey, And for me to do no - thing but hop-ping,

cres. *cres. e accel.*

f 1st. *rit.*

pet - ual - ly hop-ping, Can keep per - pet - ual - ly hopping."
noth-ing but hopping, (*Omit.* (*Go to bottom of next page.*)

f *rit.* *f a tempo*

2. The grasshopper paused on his way, And

thoughtfully hunched up his knees; "Why trouble this sun-shin-y day," Quoth he, "with re-flec-tions like

these? I fol-low the trade for which I was made; We all can't be wise bumble-bees, We

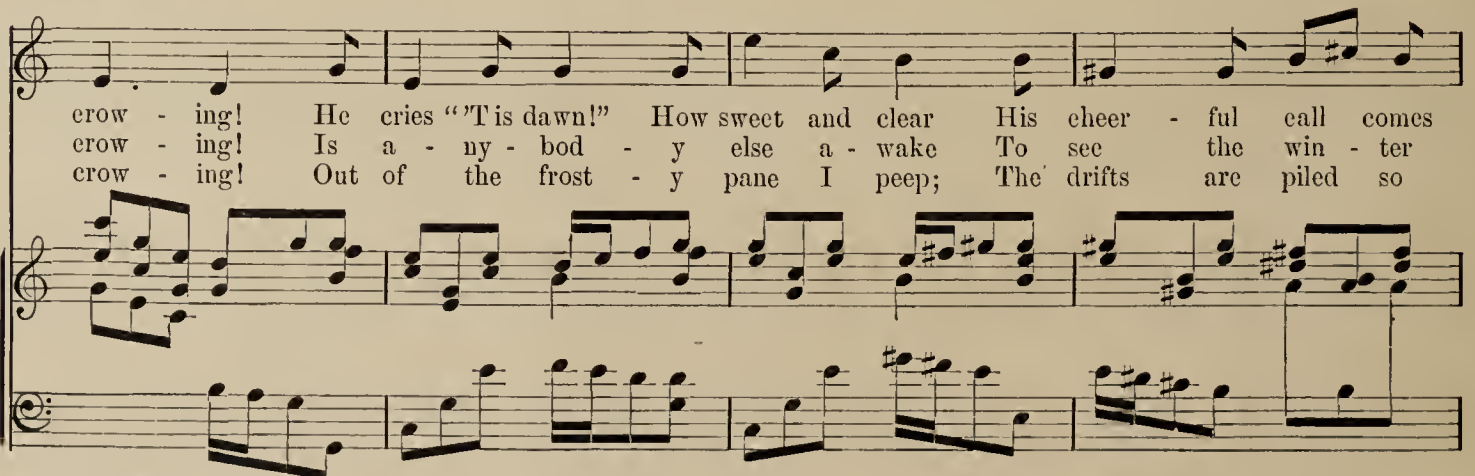
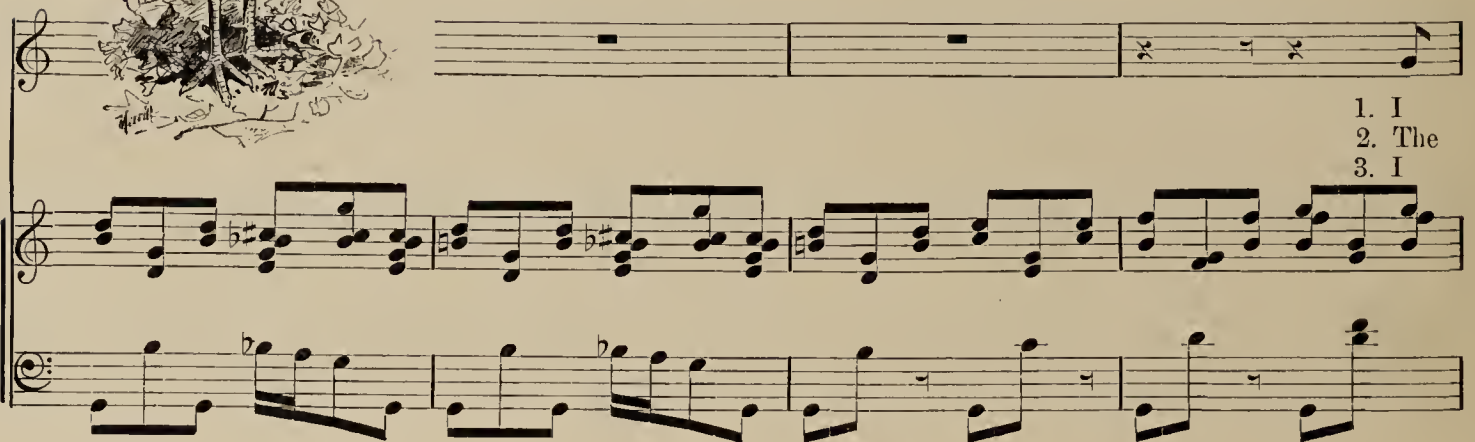
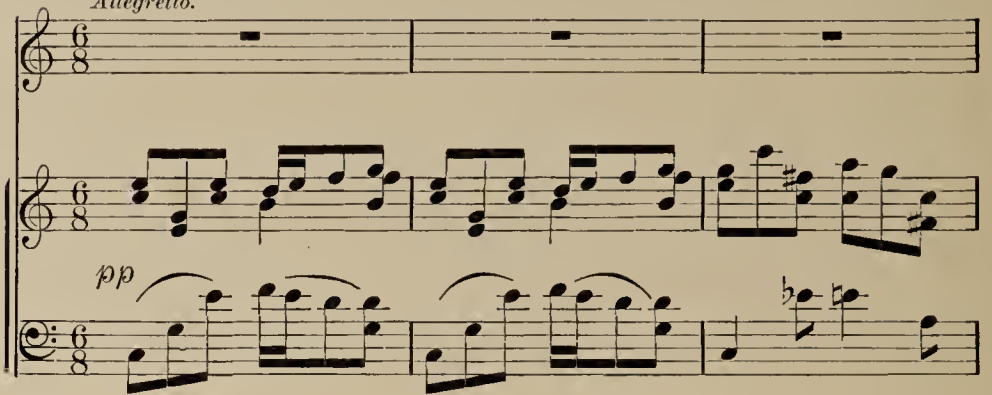
poco rall. *D. S. f 2d.*
all can't be wise bumble-bees. . . There's a And for me to do noth-ing but hopping."
poco rall. *D. S. sf* *sf* *sf*

Chanticleer.

CELIA THAXTER.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

Allegretto.



to my ear, While light is slow - ly grow - ing, While
 morn - ing break, While thick and fast 't is snow - ing, While
 wide and deep, And wild the wind is blow - ing, And

light is slow - ly grow - ing.
 thick and fast 't is snow - ing?
 wild the wind is blow - ing.

rit. *dim.*

4 Nothing I see has shape or form:
 I hear the red cock crowing!
 But that dear voice comes through the storm
 To greet me in my nest so warm,
 As if the sky were glowing!

5 A happy little child, I lie
 And hear the red cock crowing.
 The day is dark. I wonder why
 His voice rings out so brave and high,
 With gladness overflowing.



Little John Bottlejohn.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. Lit - tle John Bot - tle-john lived on the hill, And a blithe lit - tle man was he; And he
 2. Lit - tle John Bot - tle-john heard her song, And he o - pened his lit - tle door; And he

won the heart of a lit - tle mer - maid Who lived in the deep blue sea.....
 hopped and he skipped, and he skipped and he hopped Un - til he came down to the shore.....

And ev - er - y eve - ning she used to sit And
 And there on a rock sat the lit - tle mer - maid, And

sing on the rocks by the sea:. "Oh, lit - tle John Bot - tle-john! pret - ty John Bot - tle-john,
 still she was sing-ing so free—. "Oh, lit - tle John Bot - tle-john! pret - ty John Bot - tle-john,

rall. *poco a poco rall.*

Won't you come hith - er to me? . . . Oh, lit - tle John Bot - tle - john, pret - ty John Bot - tle - john!
 Won't you come hith - er to me? . . . Oh, lit - le John Bot - tle - john, pret - ty John Bot - tle - john!

rall. *legato poco a poco rall.*

1st, 2nd, and 3rd. 4th.

Won't you come out to me? . . . gain, And

rall. *rall.*

affetuoso

lit - tle John Bot - tle - john, pret - ty John Bot - tle - john, Nev - er was seen a - gain.

p *rall.* *Ped.* *

3 Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,
 And the mermaid she made one, too,
 And she said: "Oh! I never saw anything half
 So perfectly sweet as you.
 In my beautiful home, 'neath the ocean foam
 How happy we both should be!
 Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
 Won't you come down with me?"

4 Little John Bottlejohn said: "Oh, yes,
 I'll willingly go with you;
 And I never will quail at the sight of your tail,
 For perhaps I may grow one too."
 So he took her hand, and he left the land,
 And plunged in the foaming main;
 And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
 Never was seen again.





Bye, baby, birds are sleeping.

M. M. D.

F. BOOTT.

Allegretto.

1. Bye, ba - by, birds are sleep - ing; One by one the stars are peep - ing, One by
 2. Bye, ba - by, moth - er holds thee; Lov - ing, ten - der care en - folds thee, Lov - ing,

mf

one the stars are peep-ing, Bye, bye, ba - by, bye! In the far - off sky they twin-kle, While the
 ten - der care en - folds thee, Bye, bye, ba - by, bye! An - gels in thy dreams ca-ress thee; Thro' the

cows come tin - kle, tin - kle, While the cows come tin - kle, tin - kle, Bye, ba - by, bye!
 darkness guard and bless thee, Thro' the dark-ness guard and bless thee, Bye, ba - by, bye!

dim. *rall.* *a tempo* *mf*

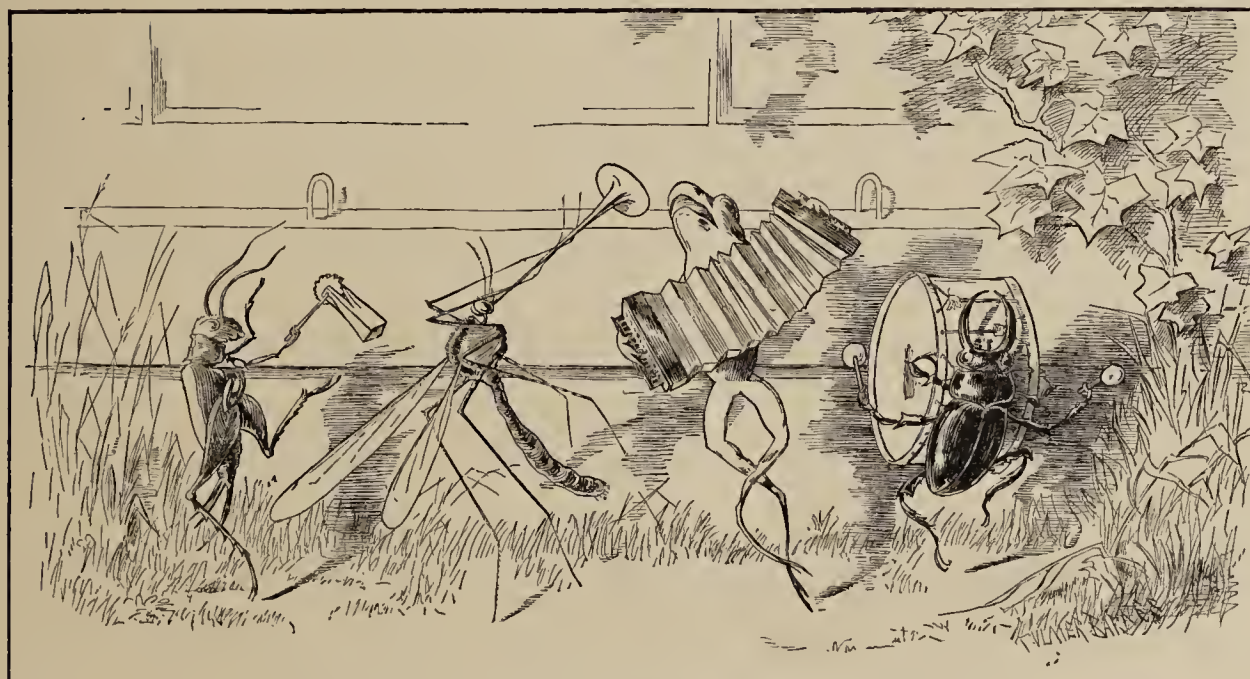
come tin - - - kle, While the cows come tin - kle, tin - kle, Bye,
 guard and bless thee, Thro' the dark - ness guard and bless thee, Bye,

dim. *rall.* *p*

ba - by, bye!
 ba - by, bye!

p *a tempo* *ral - len - tan - do* *pp*

mo - - ren - - do



A RURAL QUARTET.



Punkydoodle and Jollapin.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.
Allegro.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

mf
1. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee !
2. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee !

f *mf*

How does the Em-per-or take his tea? He takes it with mel-ons, he takes it with milk, He takes it with syr-up and
How does the Car-di-nal take his tea? He takes it in Lat-in, he takes it in Greek, He takes it just sev-en-ty

p *cres.*

meno mosso *rit.* *a tempo*

sas - sa - fras silk. He takes it without, and he takes it with-in ; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin !
times a week. He takes it so strong that it makes him grin ; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin !

meno mosso *a tempo*
f

3. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee !
 4. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee !

f *mf*

How does the Ad-mir-al take his tea? He takes it with spli-ees, he takes it with spars, He takes it with jok-ers and
 How does the Pres-i-dent take his tea? He takes it in bed, and he takes it in school, He takes it in Congress a -

p *cres.* *f*

meno mosso *rit.* *a tempo*

jol-ly jack-tars, And stirs it 'round with a dol - phin's fin ; Oh, Pun - ky - doo-dle and Jol - la-pin !
 gainst the rule, He takes it with brandy and thinks it no sin ; Oh, Pun - ky - doo-dle and Jol - la-pin !

meno mosso *a tempo*

f *f* *p*

There's a ship on the sea.

M. M. D.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "There's a ship . . on the sea. . . It is sail-ing, sail- ing to- night, Sail - - ing to - night! . . And fa - - ther's a - board, . . and the moon, the moon is all bright, Shin - - ing and bright, . . . Shin - - ing and bright! . . Dear moon! Dear moon! . . he'll be cres - - cen - - do". The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *rinf.* (rinf. forte), and *cres* (crescendo). The vocal line includes lyrics with hyphens indicating long notes or sustained sounds.

There's a ship . . on the sea. . . It is sail-ing, sail- ing to-
night, Sail - - ing to - night! . . And fa - - ther's a - board, . . and the
moon, the moon is all bright, Shin - - ing and bright, . . . Shin - - ing and
bright! . . Dear moon! Dear moon! . . he'll be
cres - - cen - - do

sail - ing for ma - ny a night— Sail - ing from moth - er and me. . . Oh! fol - - low the

p

f *dim.* *p*

ship, . . the ship with your sil - ver - y light, . . As fa - - - ther sails, . . as

molto cres.

molto cres.

fa - - - ther sails, sails o - ver the sea! . . As

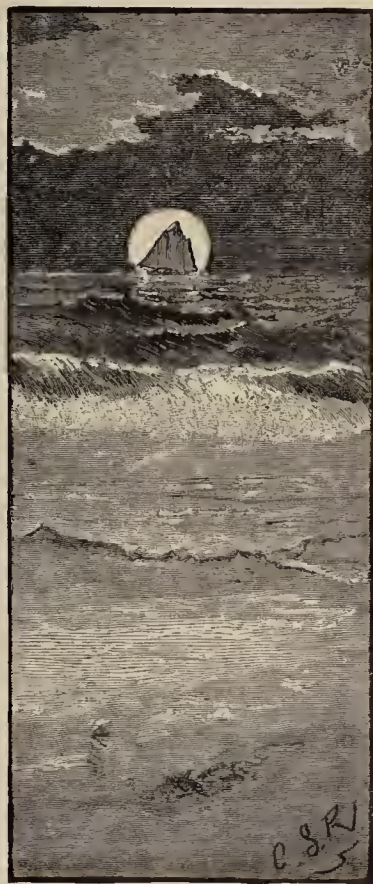
f *ff*

ff

fa - ther sails o - ver the sea! . .

molto rall. *dim.*

molto rall.





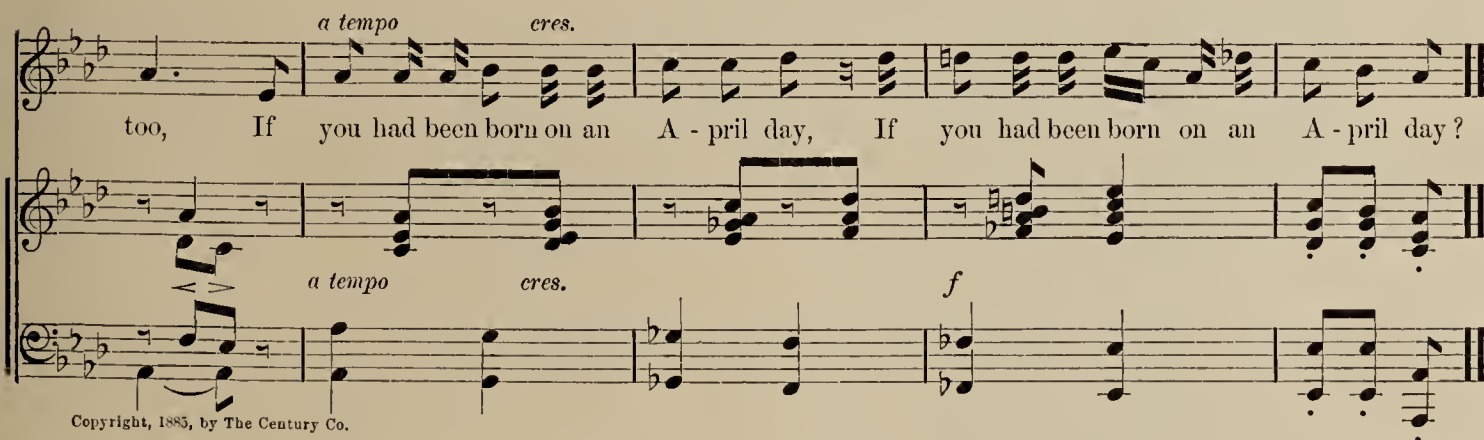
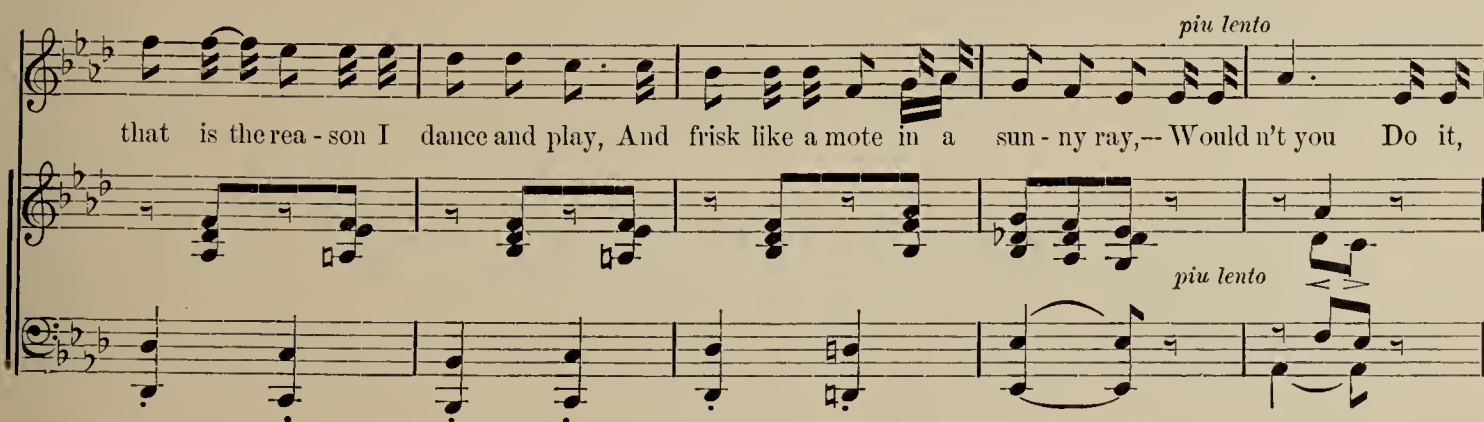
AN APRIL GIRL.

An April Girl.

M. M. D.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegro.



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2. The girls of March love noise and fray;
And sweet as blossoms are girls of May;
But I rejoice in a sunny spray
Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day,—
Would n't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

3. Heigho! hurrah! for an April day,
Its cloud, its sparkle, its skip and stay!
I mean to be happy whenever I may,
And ery when I must; for that's my way.
Would n't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?



Snow-Flakes.

M. M. D.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Andantino.

1. When - e'er a snow-flake leaves the sky, It turns and turns to

$\text{♩} = 72.$

p *rit.* *f* *p* *a tempo* *mp*

say "Good-bye! Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!" Then light-ly trav-els on its way. 2. And

p *f* *dim.*

when a snow-flake finds a tree, "Good-day!" it says, "Good-day! to thee! Thou art so bare and

p *f* *dim.*

poco rit. *a tempo* *pp* *mf* *espress.*

lone-ly, dear, I'll rest and call my com-rades here." 3. But when a snow-flake, brave and meek, Lights

poco rit. *a tempo* *pp* *f* *mp*

on a maiden's ro - sy cheek, It starts—"How warm and soft the day! . . . 'Tis

sum-mer! 't is sum-mer!" and it melts a - way! . . .

f *p* *molto espr.* *ff*

poco rit. mp *lento piu e piu pp* *ppp*

sfz *poco rit. mp* *dim. p* *lento piu e piu* *ppp*





Billy Buttercup.

M. M. D.
mf Moderato.

GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL.

1. Sweet Bil - ly But - ter-cup! Pret - ty lit - tle fay! Rid - ing on the

blos - soms in the breeze; Deep in the clo - ver-bloom hid - ing him a - way,

Star - tled at the mur - mur of the trees. 2. Chil - dren! have you seen him?

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poco rit. — *a tempo*

Shy is he and gay, Sun-ny as the but-ter-flies and bees, — Sweet Bil-ly

poco rit. — *a tempo.*

But-ter-cup! Pretty lit-tle fay! Rid-ing on the blossoms in the breeze.....

sfz



So Wise!

ADELAIDE F. WATERS.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

Allegretto.

A fair - y sat on a

rose - leaf edge— "The chil - dren have grown so wise, One need - n't hide in a

ro - se's heart For fear of question - ing eyes, Nor

shake the gold-dust out of one's hair, Lest a sun - beam show it un - a - ware, One may

with a swinging motion

p

pp

poco a poco dim.

poco a poco dim.

tilt and sway in the gold-green grass, One may wan - der fair - y - free, For, of

ad lib. *f*

colla voce *f*

course, if the chil - dren don't be - lieve, They will nev - er look to see, For, of

poco rall. *a tempo* *pp*

sf *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo* *pp*

course, if the chil - dren don't be - lieve, They will nev - er look to see."

f *rall.* *rall.*

sf *rall.* *p* *pp* *a tempo* *pp* *rall.* *ppp*

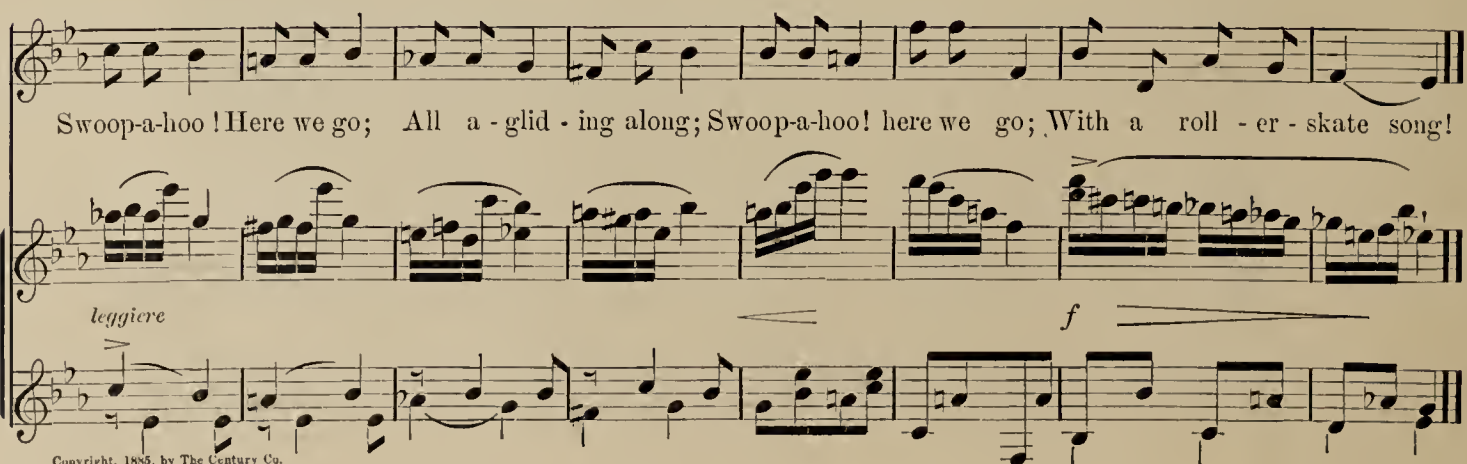
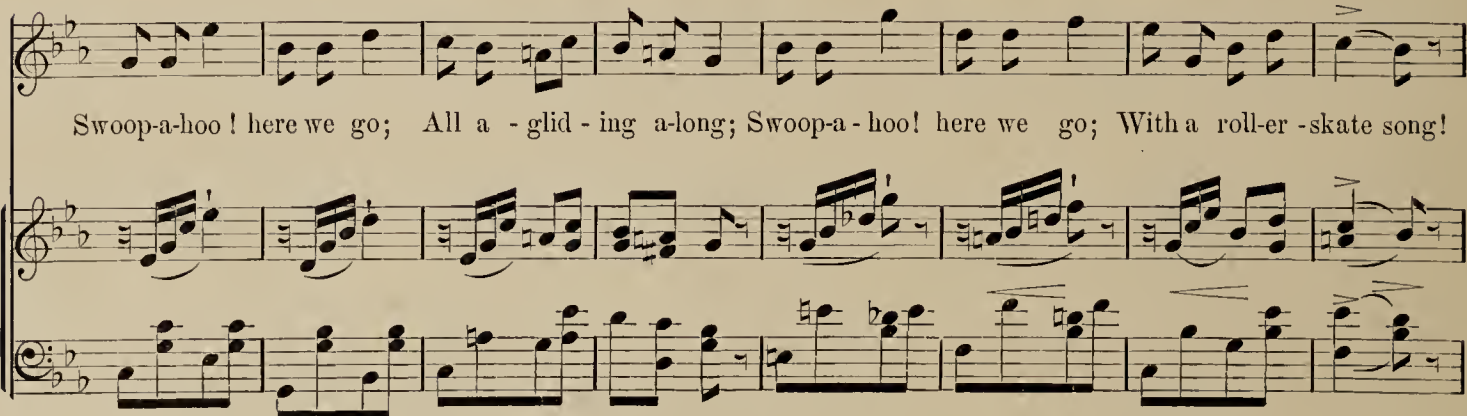
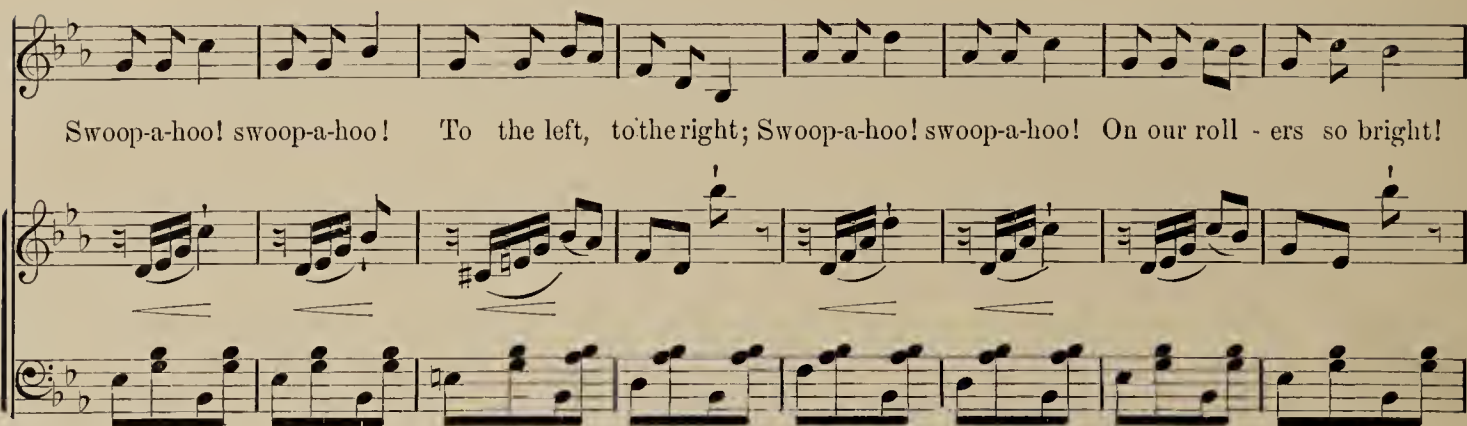


The Song of the Roller-Skates.

MARIA J. HAMMOND.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegretto con moto.



Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

G. F. SUCK.

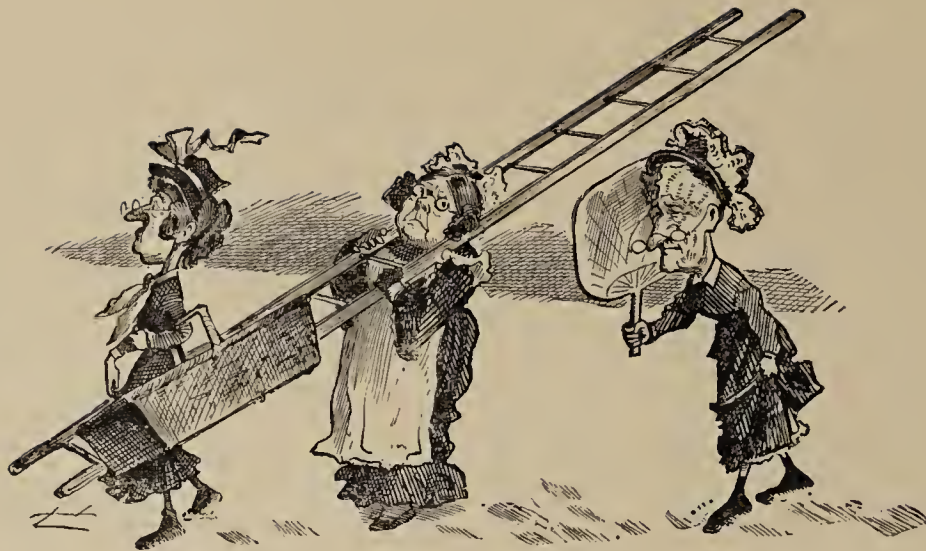
Soft and slow.

1. To and fro, So soft and slow, Swing-eth the ba-by's era-dle O! Still he lies With
3. Sleep, oh, sleep! In slum-ber deep. Sweet dreams across thine eyes shall creep, And all night The

laugh-ing eyes, And will not in-to Dream-land go. 2. Lul-la-by! The
soft moon-light With-in thy eur-tained era-dle peep. 4. Hush! he sighs— The

crickets cry, The twinkling stars are in the sky. Soft dew fall, While rob-ins eall, And
laugh-ter flies All swift-ly from his drow-sy eyes. To and fro, More soft, more slow, And

homeward swift the swal-lows fly; And homeward swift the swal-lows fly.
fast a-sleep the ba-by lies; And fast a-sleep the ba-by lies.



The Three Wise Women.

MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegro, ma non troppo.

mp

rit.

1. Three wise old women were they, were they, Who went to walk on a win - try day; One
 2. "Dear, dear!" said one, "A bear I see! I think we'd bet - ter climb a tree!" But there
 3. But the wind was strong as wind could be, And blew their ladder right out to sea! Soon the

f *p marcato il basso* *rit.*

a tempo *meno mosso*

car - ried a bas - ket to hold some berries; One carried a lad - der to climb for cherries; The third, and she was the
 was not a tree for miles around, And they were too frightened to stay on the ground; So they climbed their ladder
 three wise women were all a - float In a leak - y lad - der in - stead of a boat! And ev' - ry time the

a tempo

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

wis - est one, Car - ried a fan to keep off the sun, The third, and she was the wis - est one,
 up to the top, And sat there screaming, "We'll drop! we'll drop!" So they climbed their ladder up to the top, And
 waves rolled in, Of course, the poor things were wet to the skin, And ev' - ry time the waves rolled in, Of

cres.

molto rit. *a tempo* *mf*

Car-ried a fan to keep off the sun!
 sat there screaming, "We'll drop! we'll drop!"
 course, the poor things were wet to the skin.

4. Then they took their basket the wa-ter to bail; They

put up their fan to make them a sail; But what became of the wise women then, Whether they ev-er got

poco a

poco *rit.* *a tempo* *molto rit.*

home a - gain, Wheth-er they saw a - ny bears or no,— You must find out, for I don't know.

p *poco* *rit.* *f* *molto rit.*

a tempo *molto rit.*

Whether they saw a-ny bears or no,— You must find out, for I don't know.

a tempo *p* *a tempo* *ff*

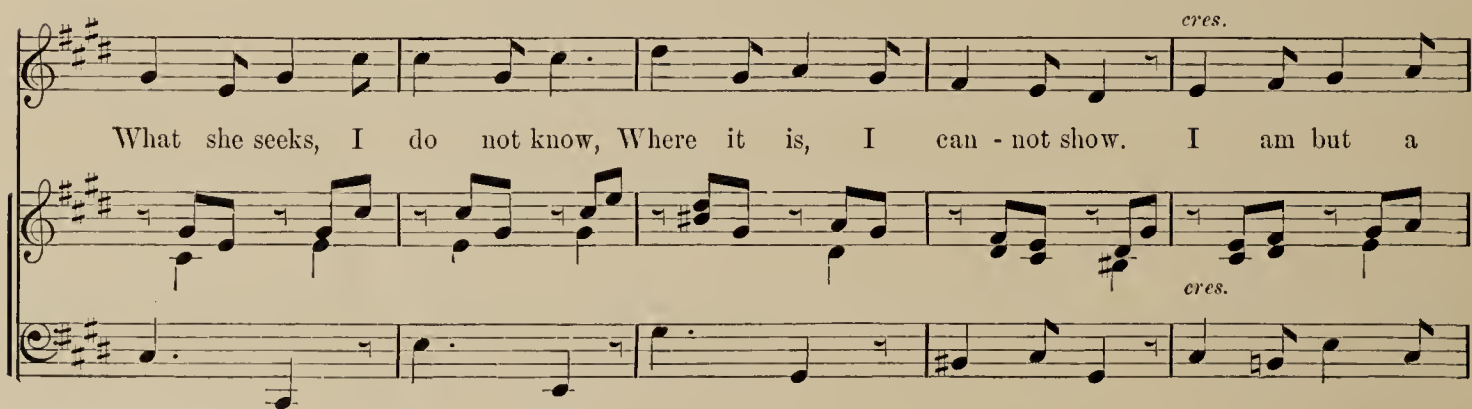
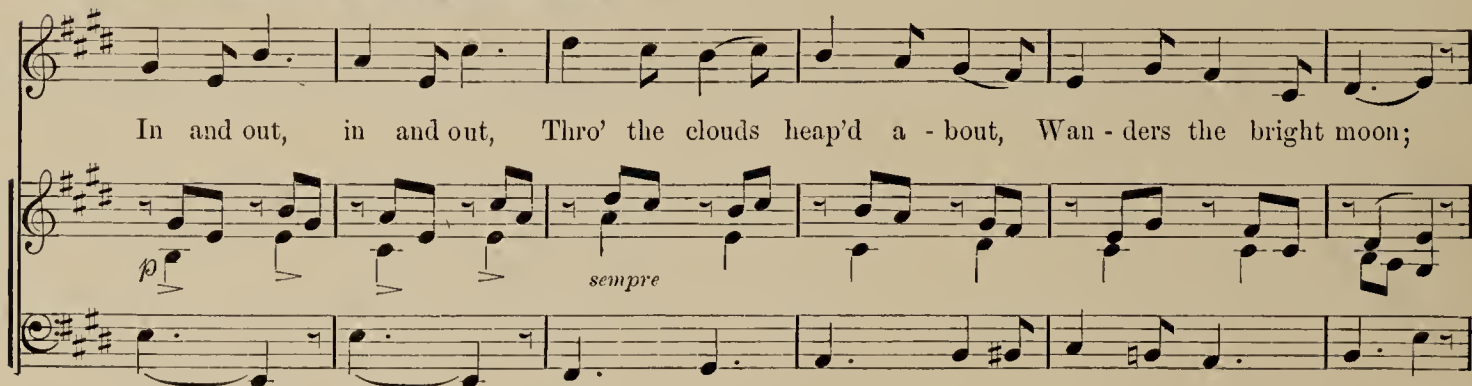
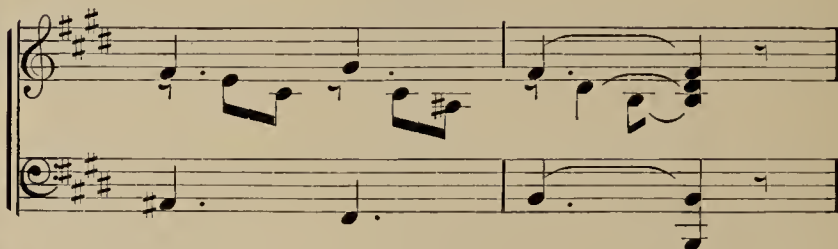
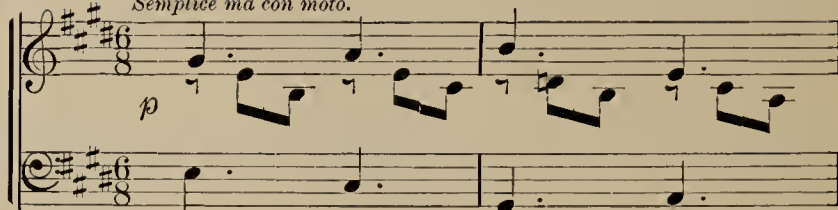


At the Window.

M. M. D.

WALDO S. PRATT.

Semplice ma con moto.



Wan - ders the bright moon; In and out, in and out, She will find it

rall.

rall.

soon..... There she comes! as clear as day,— Now the clouds are go - ing a - way.

a tempo

mf

a tempo

She is smil - ing, I can see, And she's look - ing straight at me. Pret - ty moon, so

rit.

rit.

bright and round, Won't you tell me what you found?

rit.

p

legato





A Summer Song.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

G. A. BURDETT.

Brightly and gracefully.

p 1. Ro - ly - po - ly hon-ey-bee, Humming in the clover,
mf 2. Jaunty rob-in red - breast, Singing loud and cheerly,
p 3. Ros-es in the garden-beds, Lil-ies, cool and saint-ly,

pp

with slight emphasis

With the green leaves un - der you, And the blue sky o - ver, Why are you so bus - y, pray?
From the pink-white ap - ple-tree In the morning ear - ly, Tell me, is your mer-ry song
Dar - ling blue-eyed vi - o - lets, Pan-sies, hooded quaint-ly, Sweet-peas that, like but-ter-flies,

poco rit. *1st & 2nd.*
a tempo.

Nev - er still a min - ute, How' - ring now a - bove a flower, Now half - bu - ried in it!
Just for your own pleas - ure, Pour'd from such a ti - ny throat, With-out stint or measure?
Dance the bright skies un - der, Bloom ye for your own de - light, (*Omit.....*)

poco rit. *a tempo* *mf*

3rd.
a tempo

..... Or for ours, I won - - - der!

pp *a tempo* *mf* *p* *rit.* *pp*

Once in my life.

OLD RHYME.

E. B. STORY.

Allegro.

Once in my life, I mar-ried a wife, And where do you think I found her? On

The first system of the musical score for 'Once in my life.' It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'Once in my life, I mar-ried a wife, And where do you think I found her? On' are written below the vocal staff.

Gret - na Green, in a vel - vet sheen, And I took up a stiek to pound her.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the three-staff format. The lyrics 'Gret - na Green, in a vel - vet sheen, And I took up a stiek to pound her.' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment in the right hand shows some trills and grace notes. A 'rit.' (ritardando) marking is present at the end of the system.

She jumped o - ver a bar - berry bush, And I jumped o - ver a tim - - ber,

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics 'She jumped o - ver a bar - berry bush, And I jumped o - ver a tim - - ber,' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment in the right hand features several 'L. H.' (left hand) markings, indicating a specific rhythmic pattern or ornamentation.

I showed her a gay gold ring, And she showed me her fin - - ger.

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The lyrics 'I showed her a gay gold ring, And she showed me her fin - - ger.' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment in the right hand includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Midsummer Frolics.

M. M. D.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

Delicately and confidentially.

p
Down in the deep grass, close by the hill,

pp
Some one is hav - ing a par - ty; Nev - er was heard on a

sum - mer night still, Buzz of en - joy - ment so heart - - y.

p
Strange! for the elves are no long - er on earth; Strange! for the fai - ries are o - ver! But,

tr
p

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sure as you live, there are frolic and mirth For some - bod - y, down in the clo - ver, But,

sure as you live, there are frolic and mirth For some - bod - y, down in the clo - ver, For

some - bod - y, down in the clo - ver.





The Minuet.

M. M. D.
Moderato.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

mf

1. Grandma told me all a - bout it, Told me, so I
 2. Grandma's hair was bright and sunny; Dimpled cheeks, too,
 3. Modern ways are quite a - larm-ing, Grandma says; but

mf

f *p* *mf*

could-n't doubt it, How she danced, my grandma danced! Long a - go. How she held her pret - ty head,
 ah, how fun - ny! Real - ly quite a pret - ty girl, Long a - go. Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
 boys were charming, Girls and boys, I mean, of course, Long a - go. Brave but modest, grandly shy—

f *p*

f *molto rall.*

How her dain - ty skirt she spread, Turn - ing out her lit - tle toes; How she slow - ly leaned and
 Grandma does, and takes a nap Ev' - ry sin - gle day; and yet Grandma danced the min - u -
 She would like to have us try Just to feel like those who met In the grace - ful min - u -

f *molto rall.*

1st & 2d. *p* *piu lento e ben sost.* 3d. *p* *f*

rose— Long a - go, Long a - go.
 et Long a - go, Long a - go.
 et (Omit.)..... Long a - go, Long a - go.

dim. *p* *colla voce* *f* *p* *f* *fz fz*

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AUNT FANNY.

Two Kittens.

HELEN A. CLARKE.



Allegretto. *rit.*

1. One lit - tle kit - ten Scrubbing down its nose; The oth - er lit - tle kit - ten Smelling of a rose.
 2. One lit - tle kit - ten Dash - ing at a fly; The oth - er lit - tle kit - ten Sing - ing "Ba - by bye."
 3. One lit - tle kit - ten, Down - y soft with fur; The oth - er lit - tle kit - ten—Who can pic - ture her?

rit.

a tempo *rit.*

One lit - tle kit - ten Scratch - ing up a tree; The oth - er lit - tle kit - ten Nestling close to me.
 One lit - tle kit - ten Not a word to say; The oth - er lit - tle kit - ten Talk - ing all the day.
 Dear lit - tle kit - ten, Ro - sy, dimpled, curled, She's my wee, white kit - ten Out of all the world!

a tempo *rit.*

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A million little diamonds.

M. F. B.
With grace.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

A mill - ion lit - tle di - a - monds Twinkled on the trees; And all the lit - tle maid - ens

p

said: "A jew - el, if you please!" But while they held their hands out - stretch'd, To

catch the di - a - monds gay, A mill - ion lit - tle sunbeams came, And stole them all a - way, A

dolce

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

mill - ion lit - tle sunbeams came, And stole them all a - way, And stole them all a - way.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *sfz* *p* *pp*



Golden slumbers kiss your eyes.

From "The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill." 1603.
Allegretto.

W. J. HENDERSON.

1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you
when you rise; Sleep, pret - ty wan - tons, do not cry, And I... will
sing a lul - la - by, I... will sing a lul - la - by, I... will sing a

legato *cres...* *p* *mf* *piu presto*

lento *rall - - en - - tan - - do.....*

lul - la - by, Sleep, pret-ty wantons, do not cry,.... and I will sing a lul - la - by.
(Omit 2d time, see next page.)

f *colla voce* *p*

cres

2. Care is heav - y, there - fore sleep you; You are care, and care must

p *mf* *mf*

keep you; Sleep, pret-ty wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la - by.

mf *mf* *mf*

Rock them, rock them, lul - la - by! Rock them, rock them, lul - la - by! Ah, lul - la - by! Ah,

cres.....mf *p* *mf* *p*

D. S. rall - en - tan - do a battuta

lul - la - by! Ah, lul - - - la - - - by!..... I will sing a lul - la - by.

after repeat.

mf *p* *p* *D. S. p colla voce*

dim. *pp*





The Queen o' May.

M. M. D.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Moderato.

1. The Queen o' May held court one day, The fields had naught to give her; All in their best her
maids were dressed, And they be - gan to shiv - - er.

2. "Now nev - er sneeze, but
warm your knees, And look for dai-sies grow-ing; You'll find the air quite soft and fair, Un-less it fall a -

f *p* *cres.* *poco rit.* *f* *cres.* *poco rit.* *f*

a tempo pp *f*

snow-ing. 3. "Quite soft!" they said, each loy - al maid, "So fair!" the boys went chaff - ing;

pp a tempo espress.

p *cresc.* *f*

But soon the May came down that way, And set them all a - laughing, all a - laugh - - ing.

p *cresc.*



"LOOK OUT THERE!"



Little Miss Clover.

M. F. BUTTS.
Moderato.

GEORGE INGRAHAM.

A lit - tle round head and a lit - tle red bon - net,—

Down comes a brown bee and set - tles up - on it, One or two kiss - es, and

off goes the ro - ver,— Pit - y the sor - rows of lit - tle Miss Clo - ver.

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Clouds and Sunshine.

M. M. D.

N. H. ALLEN.

Ardently.

p

Wheth - er fair, wheth - er foul, Be it wet or dry,

♩ = 76. sempre legato

Cloud - y time or shin - y time, The sun is in the sky.

p

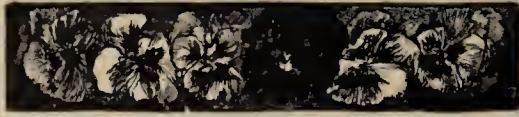
mf rall.

Gloom - y night, spar - kle night, Be it glad or dread,

rall.

Cloud - y time or shin - y time, Stars are o - ver - head.

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Little Elsie.

LAURA LEDYARD.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegretto semplice.

p Now, who should know Where pan - sies grow As well as lit - tle El - sie—

cres - - cen - - do *rit.*

O? As deep her eyes As pur - ple skies; As soft as vel - vet is her

cres - - cen - - do *rit.*

a tempo

chin; And I've been told, Her heart is gold, By some - one

a tempo

Ped. *

cres - - cen - - do

who's been peep - ing in. So, who should know Where pan - sies

cres - - cen - - do

Ped. * *Ped.* *

grow As well as lit - tle El - sie— O? Who should

f *dim.* *rit.*

dim. *rit. pp*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

know Where pan - sies grow As well as lit - tle El - sie— O?

rit. dim.

Joy, Hope and Love.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

Quietly. *Lively.*

1. Lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten while I sing—There's joy, joy in ev' - ry - thing! In bubbling of
 2. Lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten while I sing—There's hope, hope in ev' - ry - thing! In gloom and
 3. Lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten while I sing—There's love, love in ev' - ry - thing! If mirth and

p *f*

fresh streams, In flashing sunlight beams, Joy spark-les thro' my dreams! Joy spark-les thro' . . my dreams!
 chill and night, When lost the guiding light, Hope rises ev - er bright, Hope ris - es ev - er bright!
 hope must die, Still I can upward fly, Love lifts me to the sky! Love lifts me to . . the sky!

rit. *f* *rit.*

Little John Bottlejohn.

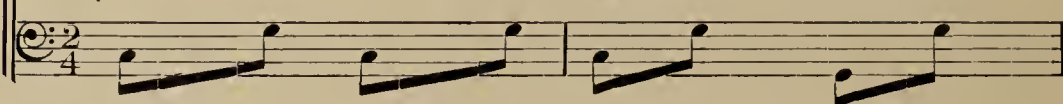
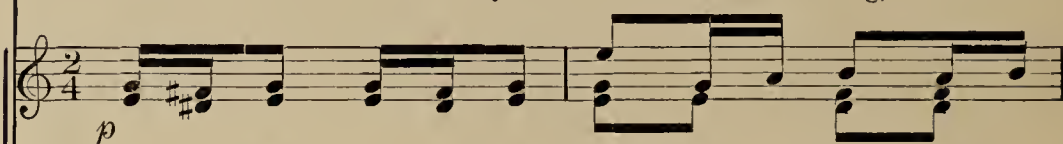
LAURA E. RICHARDS.

GEORGE F. BRISTOW.

mf Allegretto.



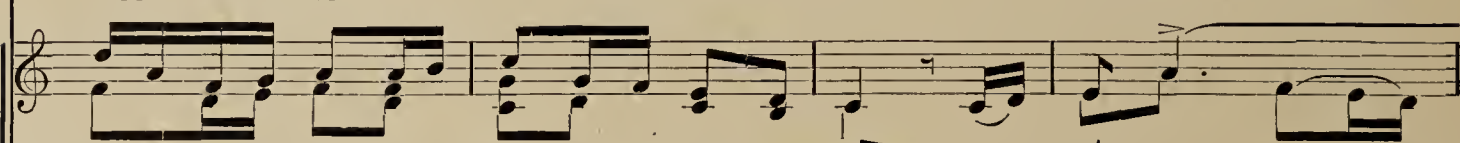
1. Lit - tle John Bot - tle - john lived on the hill; And a
2. Lit - tle John Bot - tle - john heard her sweet song, And he



blithe lit - tle man was he, And he won the heart of a
o - pened his lit - tle door, And he hopped and skipped, and he



lit - tle mer - maid Who lived in the deep blue sea, And ev - ery eve - ning she
skipped, and he hopped, Un - til he came to the shore, And there on a rock the



used to sit And sing on the rocks by the sea, "Oh, lit - tle John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
mer - maid sat, And still she was sing - ing so free, "Oh, lit - tle John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,



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3 Little John Bottlejohn made a low bow,
And the mermaid she made one too,
And said, "Oh! I never saw anything half
So perfectly sweet as you,
Ah, in my home, 'neath the ocean foam,
How happy we'd both of us be,
Oh, little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn!
Won't you come down with me?"

4 Little John Bottlejohn answered, "Oh yes,
I will willingly go with you;
Nor ever will quail at the sight of your tail,
For maybe I'll grow one too."
So he took her hand and left the land,
And he plunged in the foaming main;
And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Never was seen again.





M. M. D.

Good-Night!

W. W. GILCHRIST.

Con moto ma non allegro.

1. What do I see in ba-by's eyes,
2. What do I see in ba-by's eyes,

So bright, so bright? I see the blue, I see a spark, I see a twin-kle
Shut tight, shut tight? The blue is gone, the light is hid— I'll lay a soft kiss

tenerenza in the dark—
on each lid.

p rall. ad lib. pp Now shut them tight, Now shut them tight.
Good-night! good-night! Good-night! good-night!

L. H.

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The Lord's Day.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

Not too slow.

1. The Sab-bath morn is dawn - ing, A flor - al wreath his crown, His
 2. And as in gau - dy rai - ments Are young and old ar - rayed, He

eyes so mild and beam - ing On all look kind - ly down. He light - ly mounts the
 has him - self a - dorn - ed Field, fen, and for - est - glade. And as he brings but

hill - tops, He wan - ders through the vale, Sends forth his call to pray - ers, That
 glad - ness, And peace and rest to all, So let thy pleas - ant greet - ing, "God

none to come may fail. Sends forth his call to pray - ers, That none to come may fail.
 with thee!" be to all. So let thy pleasant greet - ing, "God with thee!" be to all.

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Good-Night!

Mrs. A. D. WILLARD.
Andante con moto.

F. J. HATTON.

Musical notation for the first system. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4.

Pit - y the bells in the stee - ple,

Musical notation for the second system. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, followed by a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Call - ing a - far to the peo - ple: "Good-night—ding, dong—good-night, ding, dong—good -

Musical notation for the third system. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, followed by a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The key signature and time signature remain the same.

night, ding, dong, good-night!" While close to your bed, as they're ring - ing, Your own lov - ing moth-er is

Musical notation for the fourth system. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, followed by a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo). The key signature and time signature remain the same.

sing - ing: "Good-night, dear one, good - night, dear one, good - night!"



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